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October 1977
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HEAVY METAL

The adult illustrated fantasy magazine

CHAIN MAIL

Dear Editors:

Heavy Metal is the only magazine I know of that has lived up to, met, and surpassed all the great things the advertisements say. Your art staff is incredible! Only two people could possibly improve it. And then in *HM* #4, my wish comes true! Frank Frazetta is #1 in the comic-fantasy field. Berni Wrightson's art is very often mouth-gaping. Needless to say, these two gentlemen will up your art somewhat when they appear.

Keep up the great work! (please).

Heavy Metal Fan #1,
Jeff Diamond

Dear Jeff: Wrightson, we have — see back cover — (and, by the way, that cover is available as a poster from Christopher Enterprises, 14164 West Outer Drive, Detroit, Michigan 48239, by sending $4, which includes postage and handling). But Frazetta's a little harder to land, having become the darling of Newsweek *and* Esquire. *— Eds.*

To *Heavy Metal*:

HM is a fantastic magazine, but indeed it has some shortcomings. As, for instance, the format. In my copies, it seems as if it is too small; sometimes the panels cannot be at the page, a little of them don't get printed. And — is it possible to make *HM* with a stronger cover?

Moebius has also made another mervellous strip, "Le Bandard Fou." As far as I know, it also was Les Humanoides Associés who published it, so perhaps you could bring it in *HM*? And perhaps a little Frazetta, too?

Jesper Gimbel
Paludan Mullersvep 13
5230 Odense M
Denmark, Europe

Dear Jesper: That Moebius "strip" is included in the Arzach *book we have just published. (Plug) If you have ideas for strong covers, send 'em along. And who is this Frazetta guy, anyway? — Eds.*

Not every man can handle Metaxa.

There's no easy way to describe the taste of Metaxa. Except to say that it's definitely not one of your kid-glove drinks. When you taste Metaxa, you know it. And you won't forget it.

Metaxa comes from Greece, where they understand such things. The Greeks drink Metaxa straight, by the fistful. Or sometimes as a Stinger with a little more sting.

Metaxa. Drunk by Gods and Warriors. And Men who can handle it.

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Heavy Metal Vol. I, No. 7 October 1977

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...AND...

To those of you who are eagerly awaiting the apocalyptic punch line to Ed Davis's "World Apart" series in this issue: tough.

M. Davis is not with us this month for medical reasons (none of yr business).

End of known world therefore delayed 4 wks due to circumstances.

What we *do* have is a new Theodore Sturgeon story — the envelope in which the ms. arrived is tacked to the wall and salaamed to daily — & a preview chapter from a '78 *HM* book, *Jean Cyriaque*.

Coming up (in Dec.), a chapter from Steven Spielberg's own novelization of his film *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*.

The 16 pages of Moebius herein should serve to remind us that reality is for people who can't face drugs.

& Mark Kozlowski took the only known photograph of Jack the Ripper, which appeared last month with the Zelazny piece.

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Collector's Items

HM #1/APRIL, 1977: With Space Punks, the first chapters of Corben's Den and Bode's Sunpot, an excerpt from the best-selling fantasy novel *The Sword of Shannara*, Harzak, and more. ($4.00)

HM #2/MAY, 1977: Introducing Roger, the paranoid puppet, Virgo, the cosmic maiden, Russian astronauts, Conquering Armies, the ultimate rock festival, while Harzak, Sunpot, and Den continue. ($3.00)

HM #3/JUNE, 1977: Features *Night Images*, poetry by Conan's creator, Robert E. Howard, with illustrations by Corben; Macedo's Rockblitz, the highly praised Shells, the first chapter of Davis's World Apart, more Den, Sunpot, and Harzak. ($2.00)

HM #4/JULY, 1977: Is a must for Moebius fans, with 12 pages of Harzak and his s/f spy saga, The Long Tomorrow, also the end of Sunpot, further adventures of Den, the psychic Nap Simo, and the horrible Gold Queen. ($2.00)

HM #5/AUGUST, 1977: In which the saga of Polonius begins, The Long Tomorrow concludes, World Apart and Den continue, all amidst talking plants, samurai, puppets, sex, and violence. ($2.00)

HM #6/SEPTEMBER, 1977: Galactic aztecs, cosmic cowboys, hysterical shrubbery, chemically-induced sanity, a Moebius space opera, more World Apart, Den, and Polonius, plus a Roger Zelazny short story. ($2.00)

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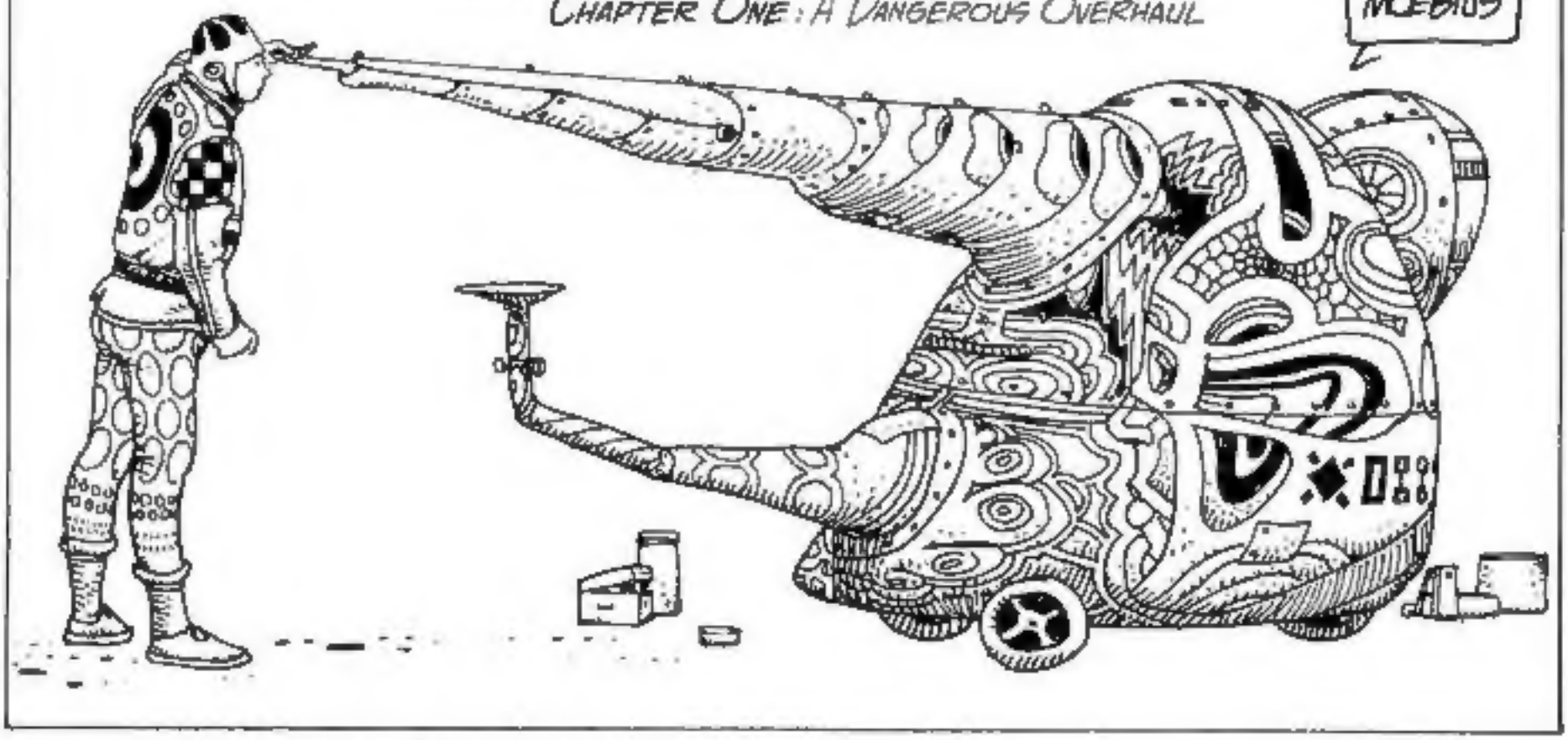
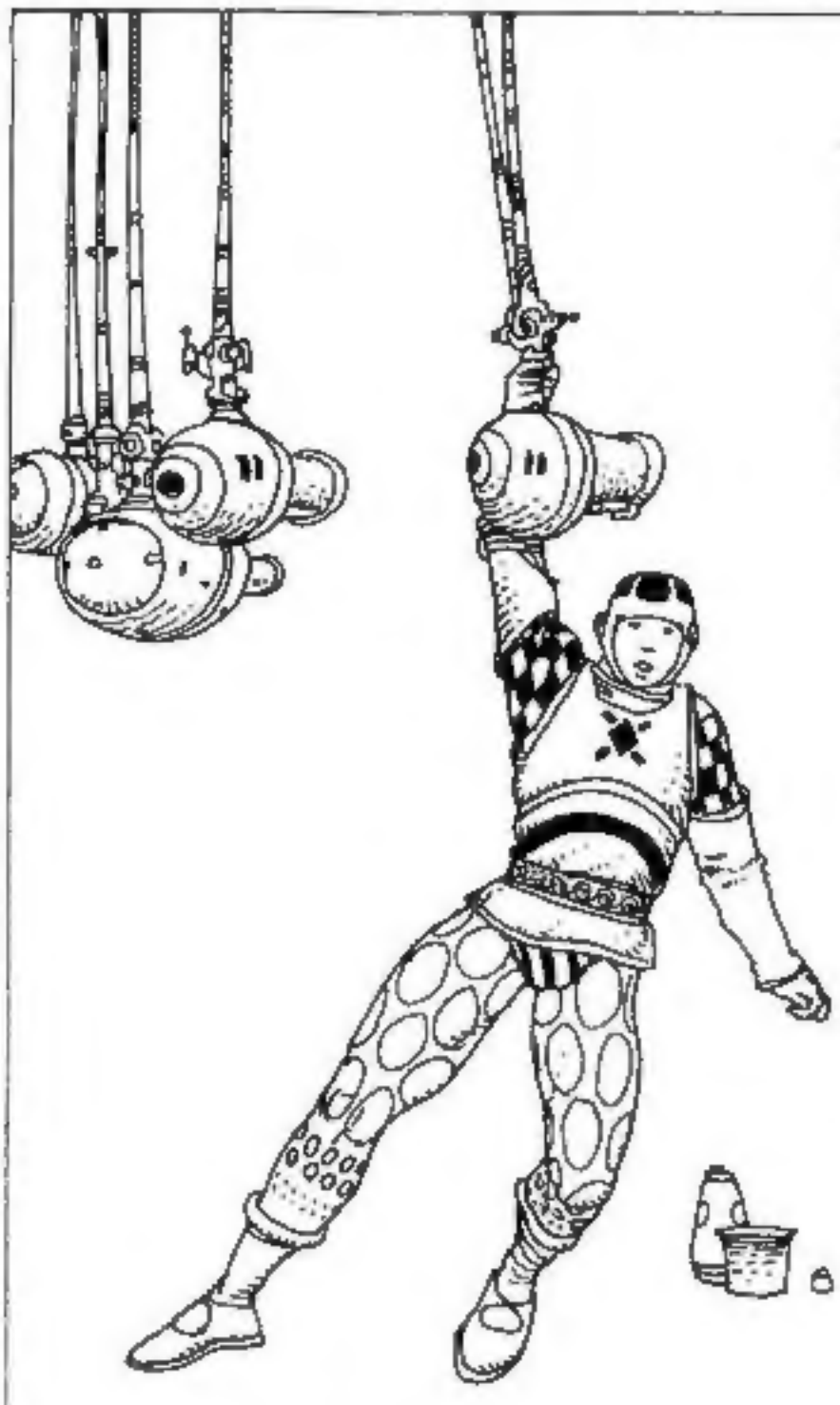
THE AIRTIGHT GARAGE of JERRY CORNELIUS by MOEBIUS

CHAPTER ONE: A DANGEROUS OVERHAUL





THIS TRANSPORTER, WHOSE DESIGN IS ABSOLUTELY **REVOLUTIONARY**, NEEDS ONE LAST **OVERHAUL** BEFORE BEING LAUNCHED TOWARD THE STARS!...

ALL I HAVE TO DO IS GET HOLD OF THIS **DOUBLY-POLARIZED CHROMATIC PARTICLE PROJECTOR** AND DIRECT IT TOWARD THE CRYSTALLINE STRUCTURE--WHICH MAKES ME ESPECIALLY NERVOUS...

YET ANOTHER **TESTIMONY** TO THE TECHNICAL INGENUITY OF OUR **RACE!**...

...IT HAD BEEN **SEVERAL YEARS** SINCE I'D USED ONE OF THESE OLD WAVE PROJECTORS...

HEAVY... NOT VERY **PRACTICAL**... CUMBERSOME... DANGEROUS TO HANDLE FOR OTHERS AS WELL AS MYSELF...

BY GUM! MY DOUBLY-POLARIZED CHROMATIC HAS **BLOWN UP** THE **BUBBLE DOME** WHICH I UNFORTUNATELY ALLOWED IT TO CONTACT...

MY BEAUTIFUL TRANSPORTER IS NOW COMPLETELY **DESTROYED**. WHAT **WILL** I DO?

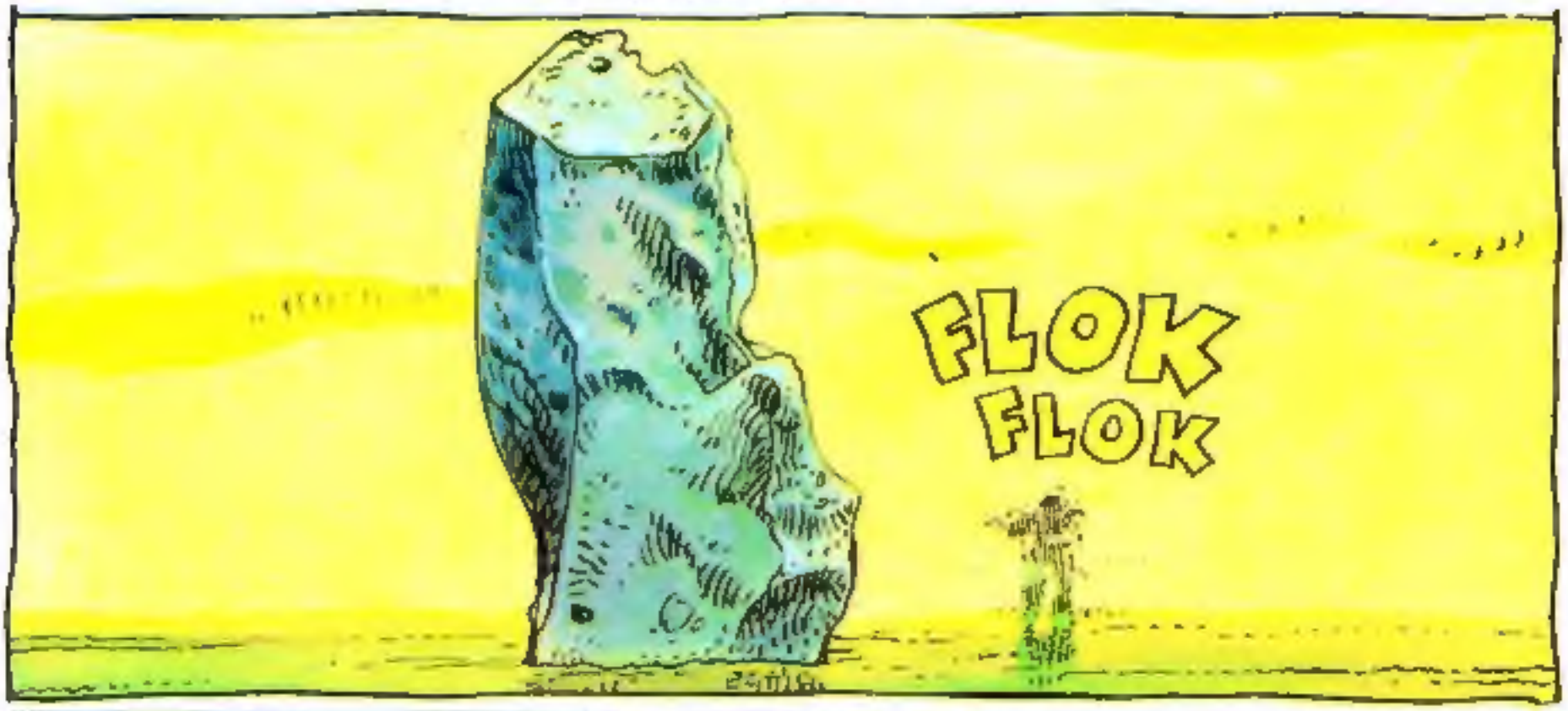
EVERYTHING MUST BE **SHIPSHAPE** BEFORE **JERRY CORNELIUS** GETS BACK!

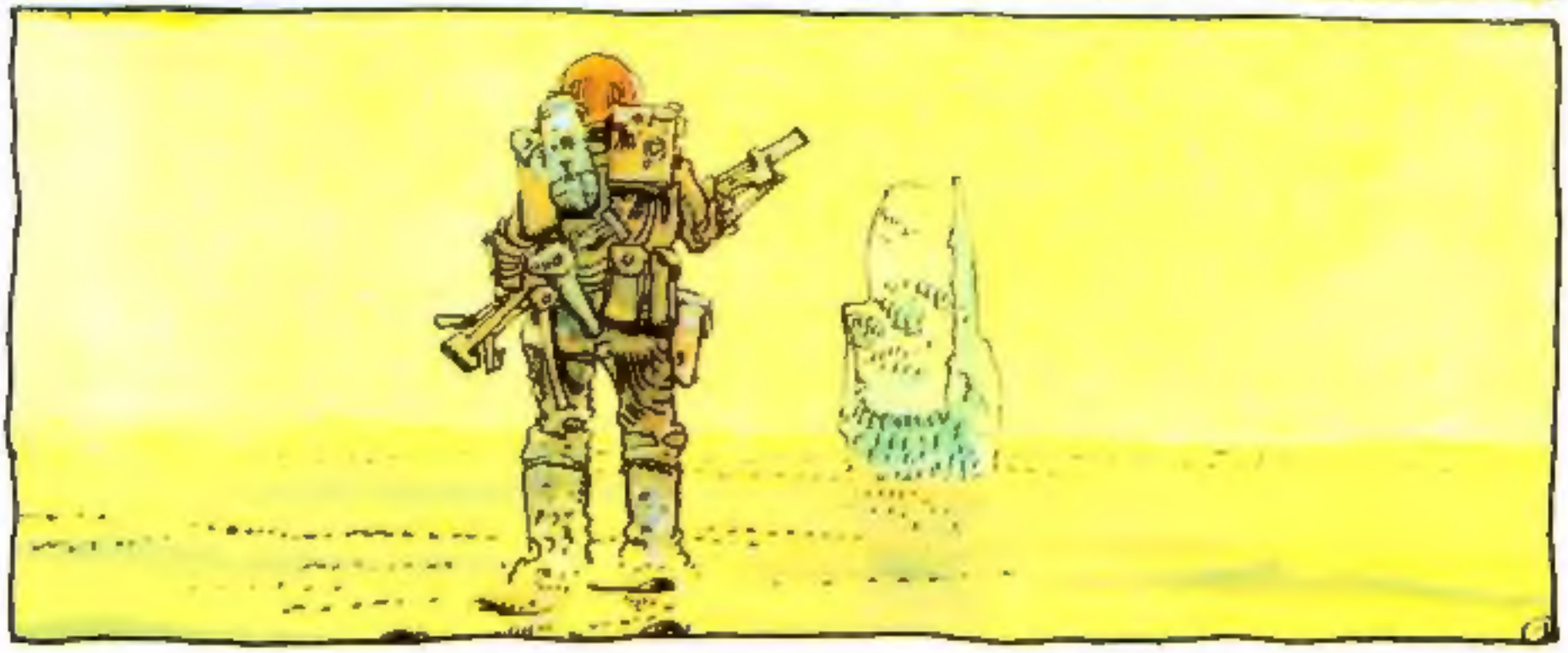
To be continued...

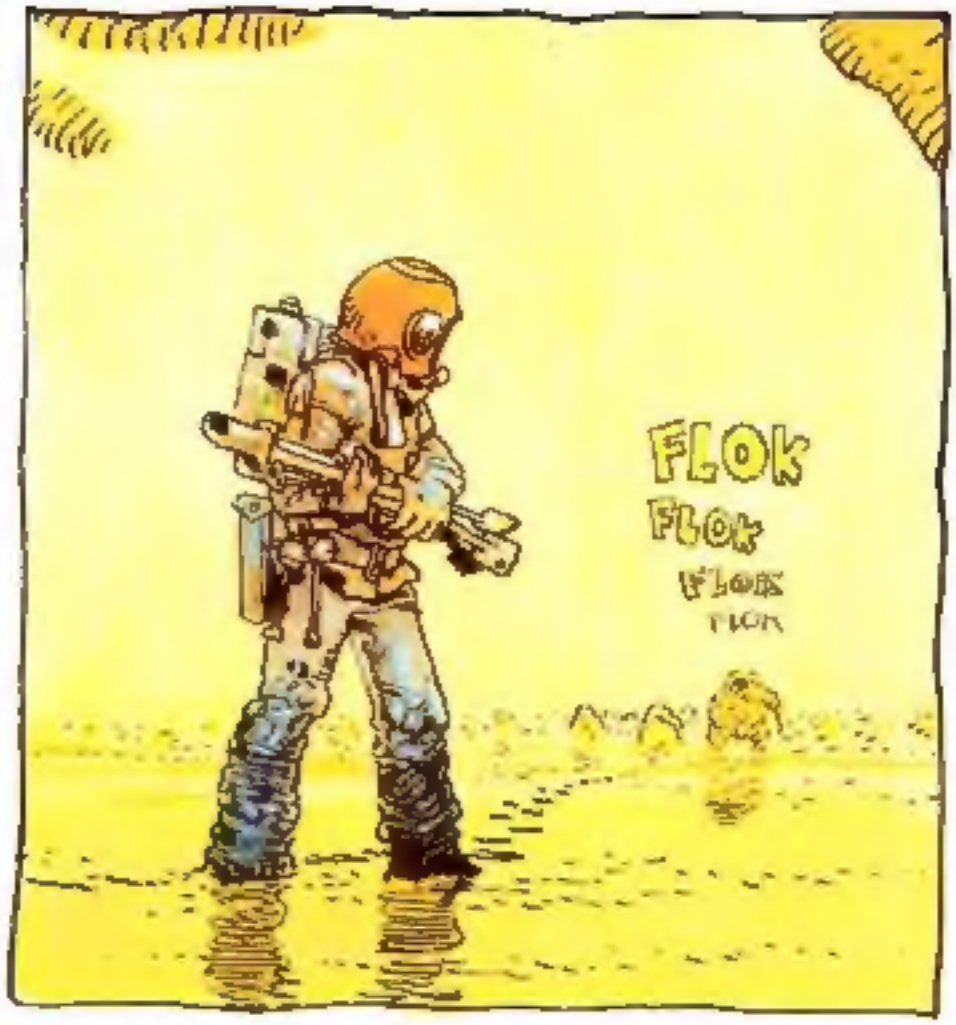
HOW GOOD IS MAN?

from the series "TRAVELS IN SCIENCE"

ACTION! MYSTERY! ONE OF THE MEN ON THE EXPEDITION TO VUNOS HAS STRAYED IN THE ETERNAL MISTS. HE HAS BEEN BROUGHT TO BAY BY THE INDIGENOUS **MONSTERS** OF THIS FAR-OFF PLANET...



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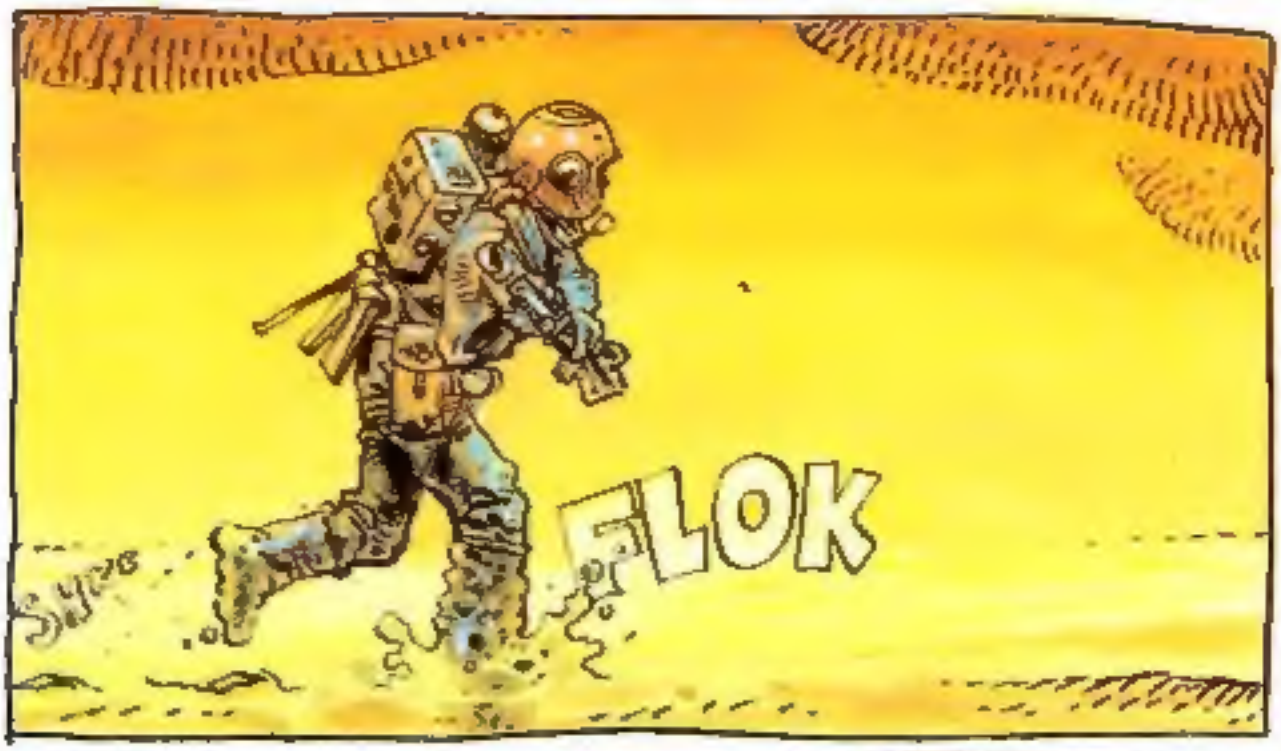
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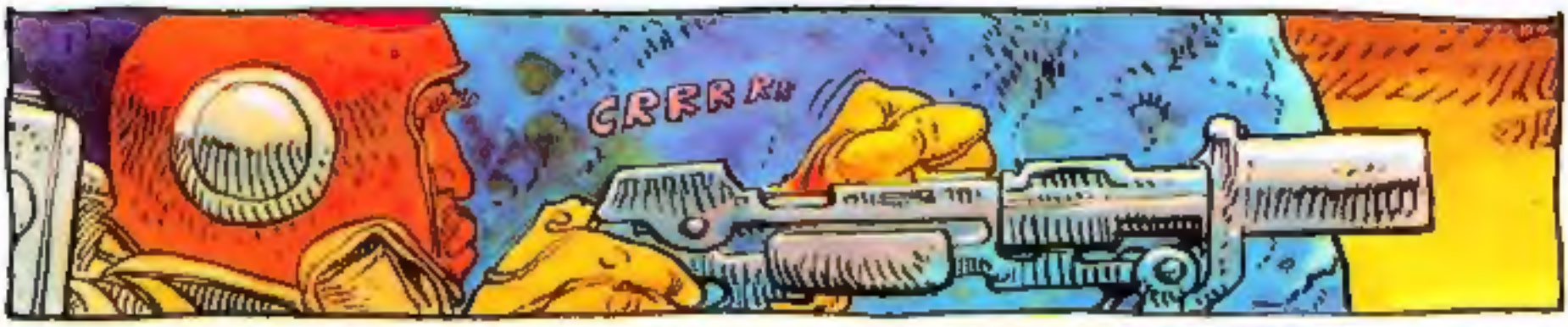
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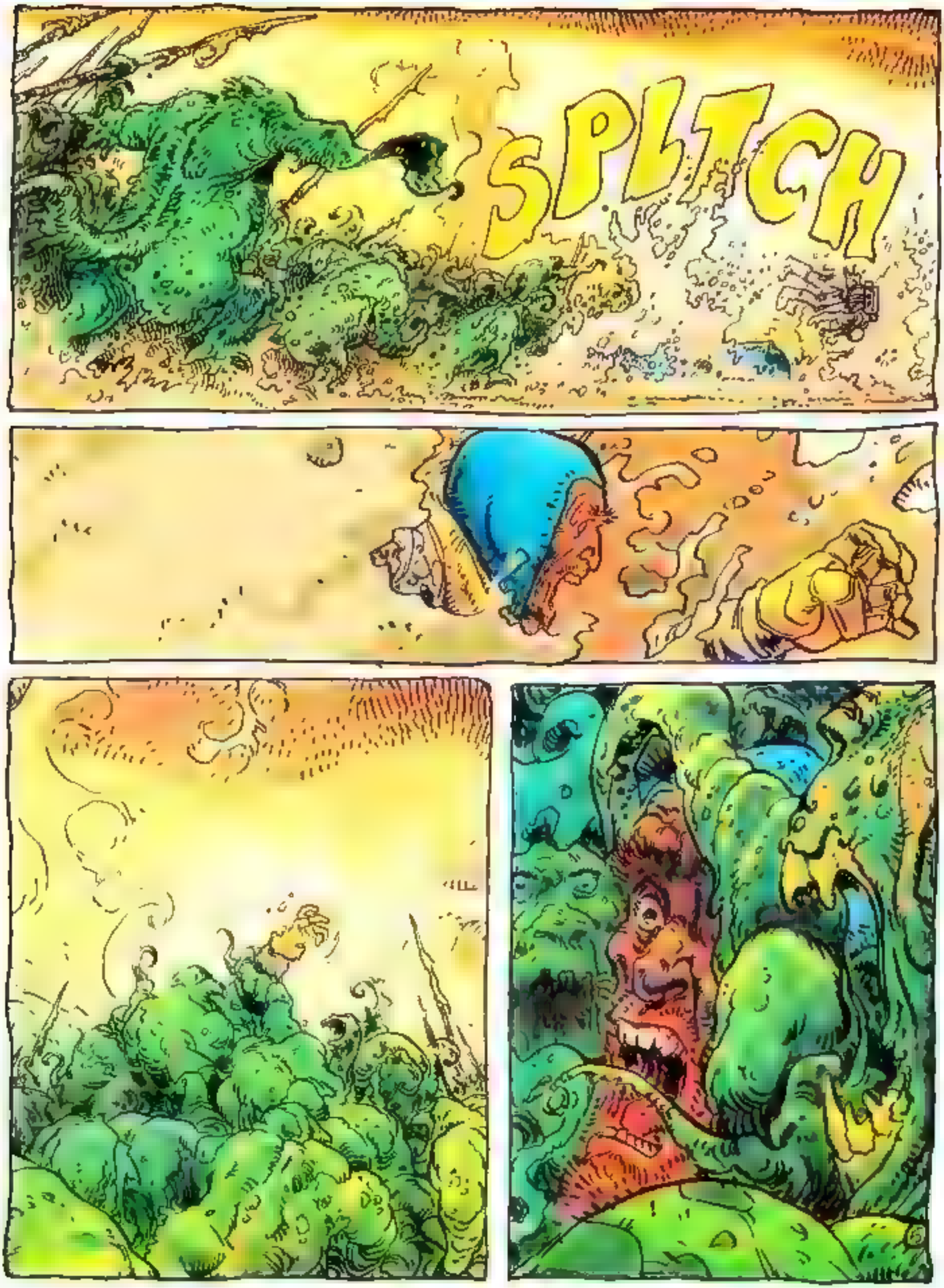
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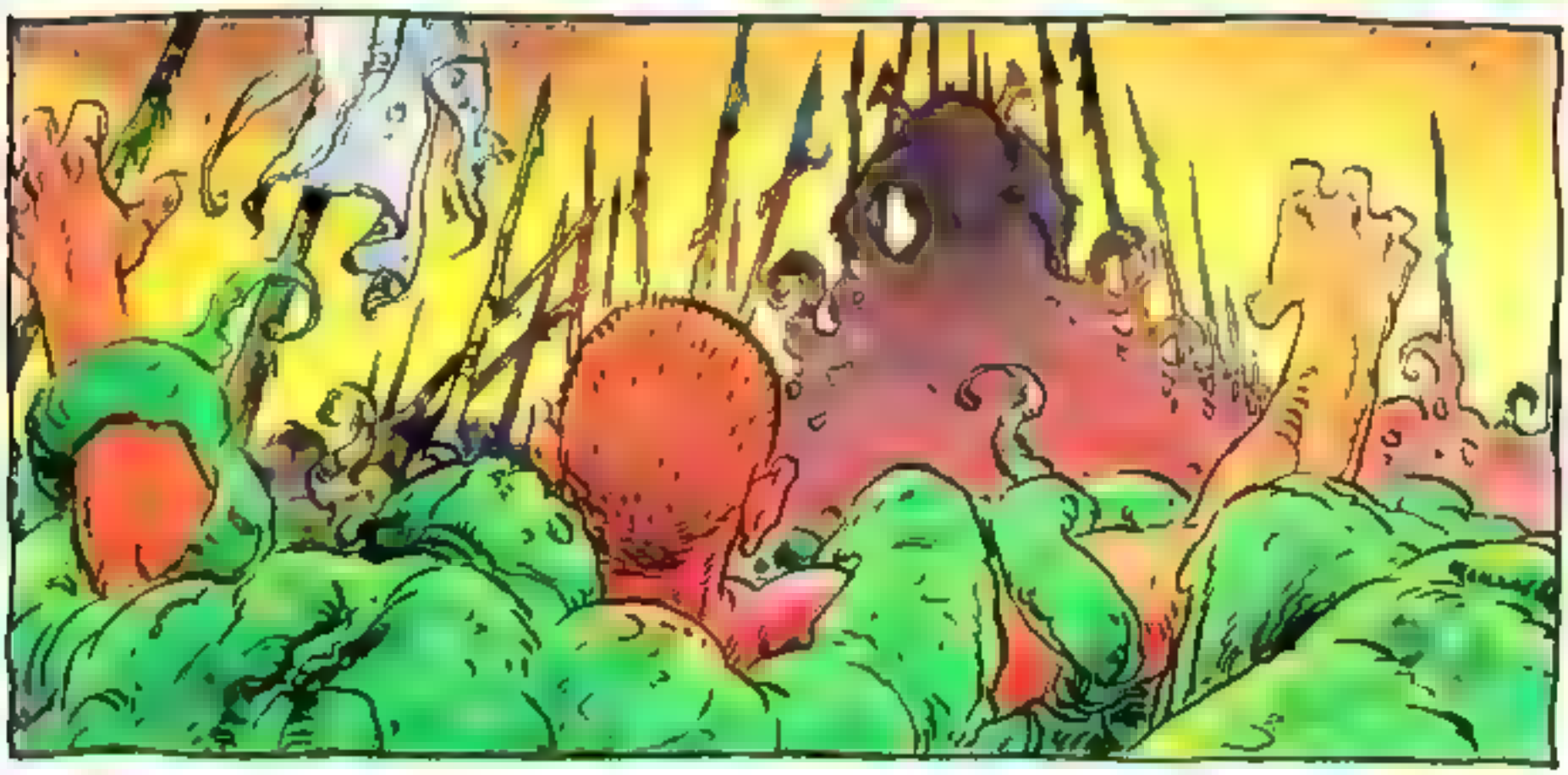

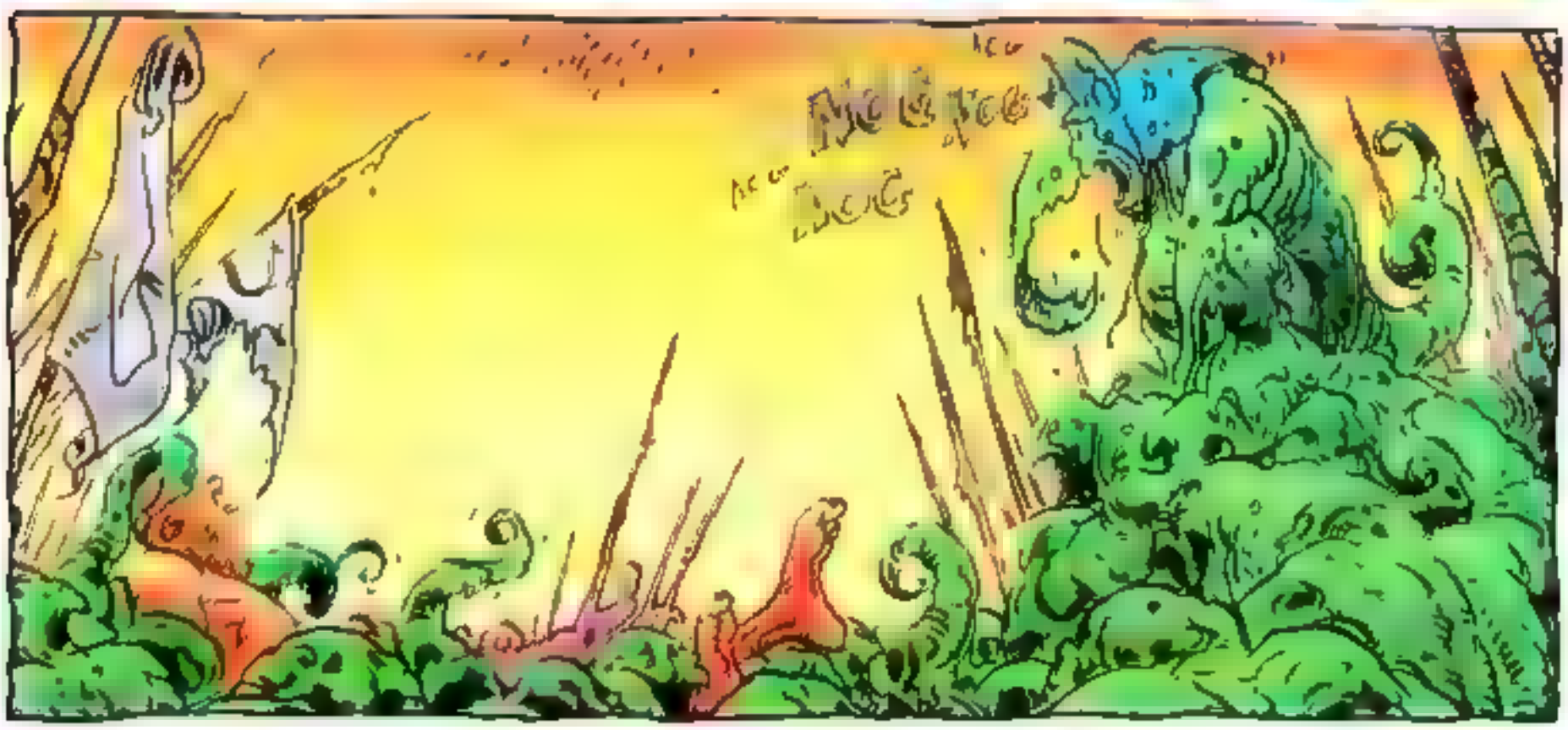

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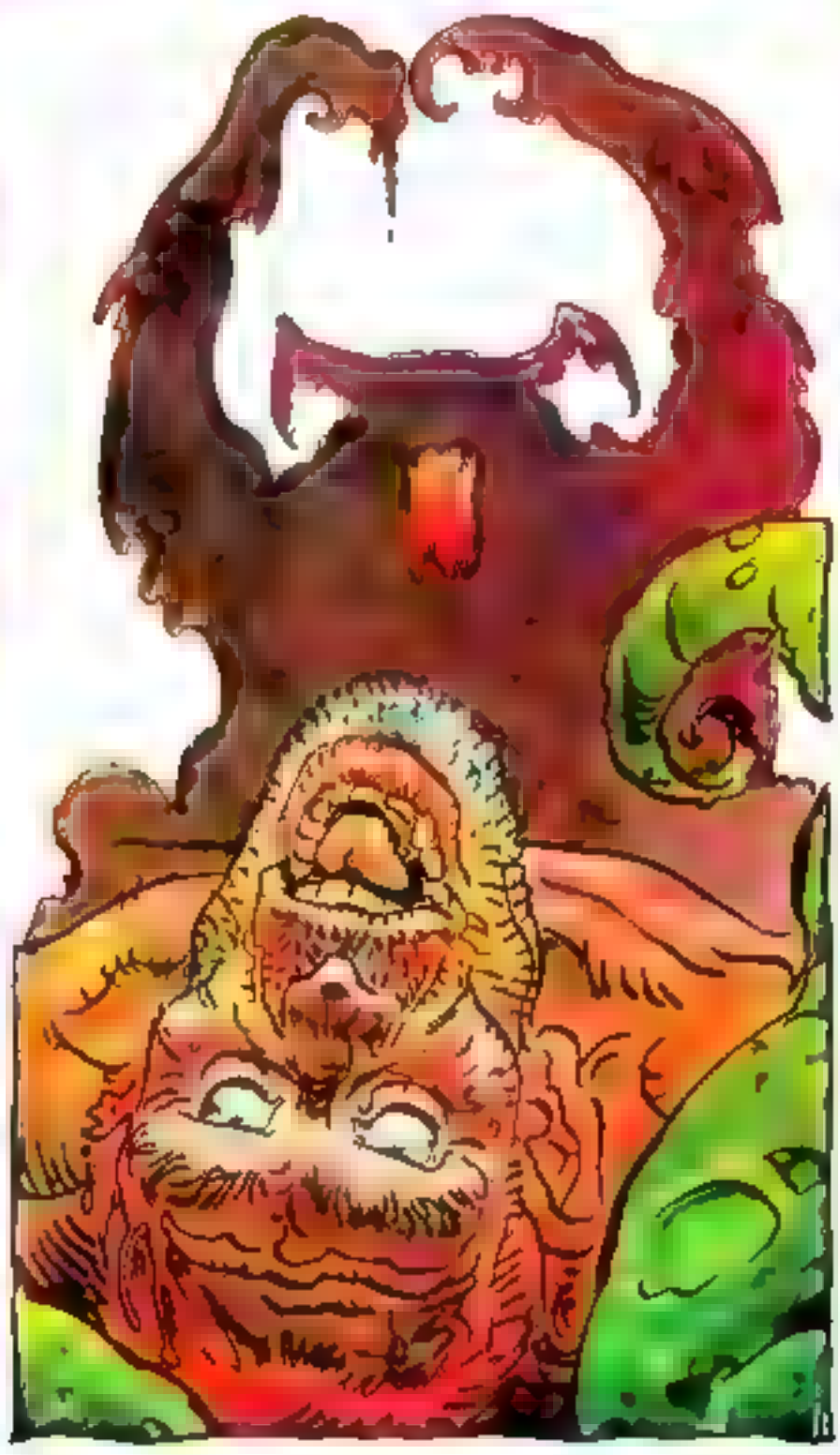

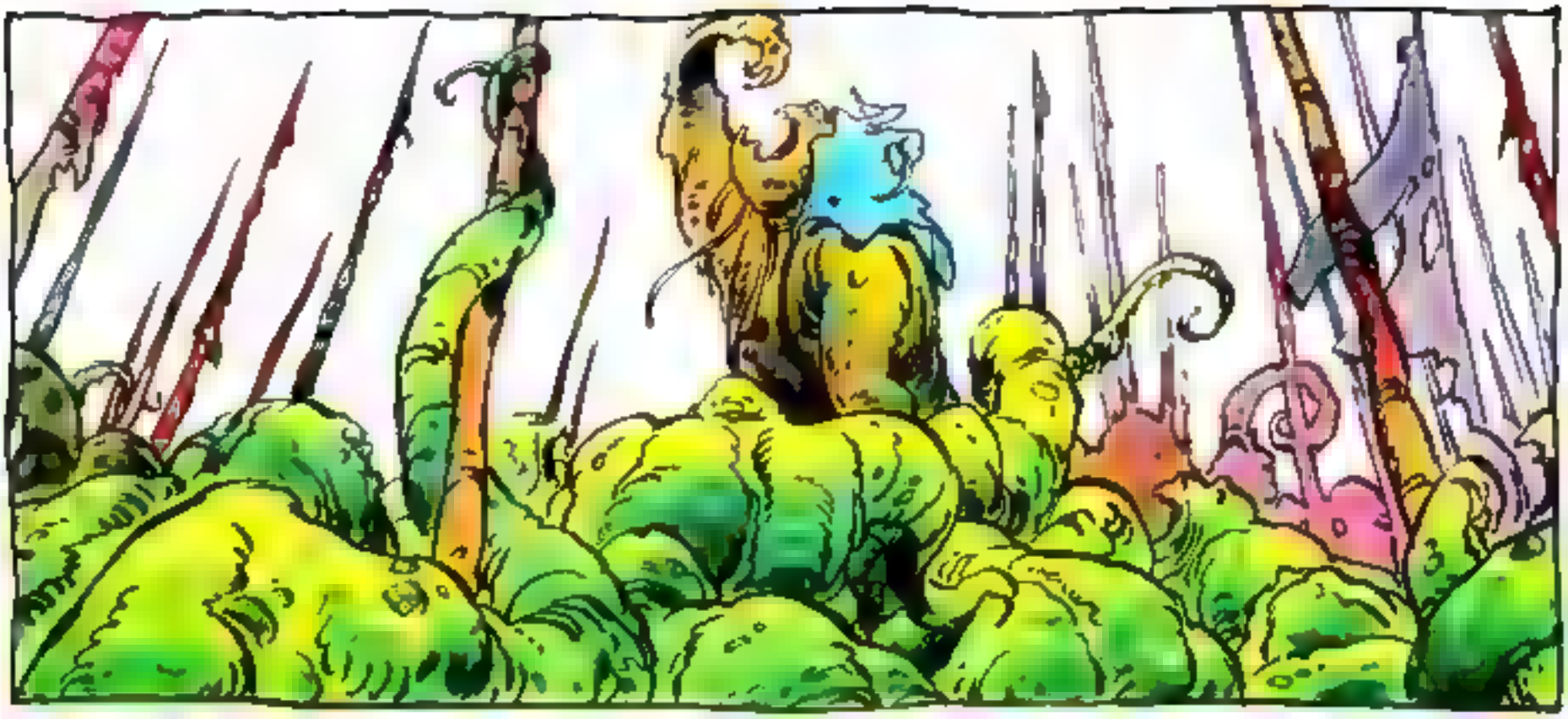

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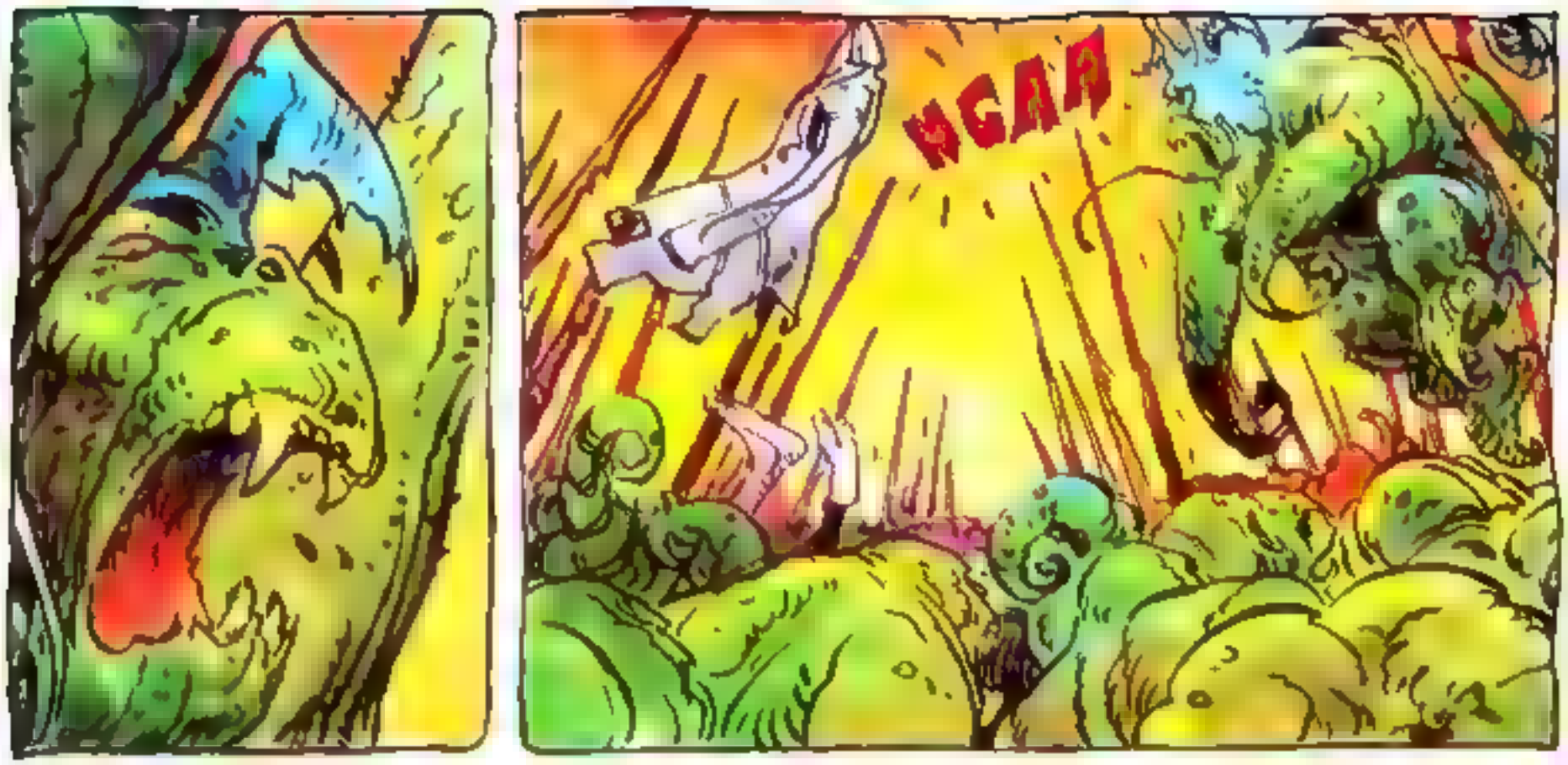
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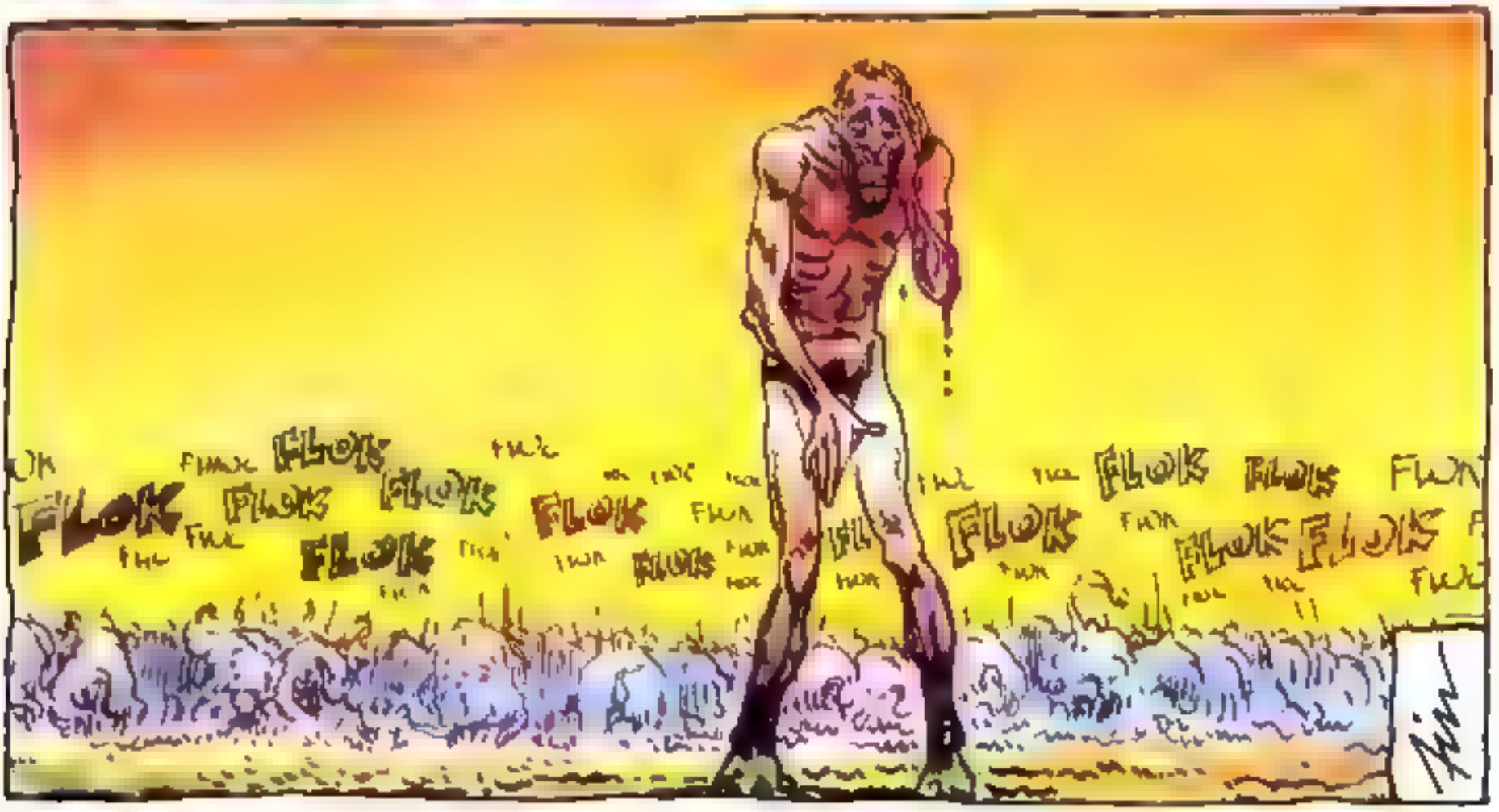
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The Singsong of Cecily Snow

by Theodore Sturgeon

"Mesmer-Eyes" he called her in the moonlight, in the meantime he was walking with her westerly to her inner waiting wall. A gross, uncaring bastard was this Bulbul Byo, blessed with silver speech and graceful gait and the manners of a tutor to the tutors of a household royal. His score so far was sixty-six successful satisfactory seductions, thirty-seven shattered lives, six suicides, and fourteen thousand nights of bitter tears. His road ahead was paved with promises; behind him he left loneliness and puzzlement and greying disappointment — seldom anger, never vengeance. "Mesmer-Eyes," he whispered, "you can drain me with a glance, I am weakened by your touch, I have no defense if you command me." Watchfully, he spoke to her, proclaiming weakness as she weakened, acting melted as he touched her, humble as he humbled her — his special trick, this artful knack of taking on himself the outward signs of this or that effect that he evoked in her. To make a woman want him he would want her with his words and hands: to make her cry, he cried, to make her yield, he said, "I yield."

It worked. It always worked.

The target tonight was young Cecily — sunny and svelte and a cynosure, making the marketplace more than a mall for mere merchandise. Moonmarket Village (not really its name, but known so because of the region's tradition of holding its market day, sun-up to midnight each full-of-the-moon) lay in the lake country east of the Wamberly Wood and the shore of the Wamberly Waters. Who is to say that the Moonmarket merriment, the sweet, mellow madness of Moonmarket Day was caused by the magic of full-of-the-moon, or simply to celebrate its high-soaring silver? Nobody questioned it, nobody wondered why rain never fell on the laughter and lanterns of Moonmarket, nor why the wind whispered then, sweeping sweet smoke from the barbecue stalls and fanning the flower carts, caring for colorful kites and delaying the dancing of dust till the following day. Likewise the matter of Cecily: golden and swift, her laughter a spatter of birdsong, her adroitness in helping with tent pegs or tea baskets, her instant and total attention to troubles and children; why no one wondered where Cecily went when the market was over, nor how many markets for how many moons, was Cecily central to Moonmarket time. She was, that is all, that is it, and a far greater mystery greater than moons or a biddable wind, was that nobody wondered, nobody questioned, nobody traced the incredible Cecily Snow.

Bulbul Byo in a dusty cloak, with a hunting set to his wide-spaced eyes and plumes to sweep from his glossy head and a twist of glands where his heart should be and a tidal voice which could drown girls' doubts, swung down from the hills to the marketplace when the moon was full and the late sun paused on the wooded crests. The village, framed by its yielding fields with its outer border of wilderness and the distant lake with its green and blue and its scarf of orange from the setting sun, and the call of hucksters and the fiddles' cry were enough to halt any normal soul for a draught of joy. Bulbul's care was for none of this, for he saw the sun on long black hair and the swirl of skirts and slender arms, and the fit of bodices that curved his hands and his glands beat strong and his pointed tongue flicked the pointed tip of his upper lip and he took a step and he froze.

For then he saw Cecily, Cecily Snow, flickering down and across the invisible lines that the dance-caller wove on the Moonmarket green, turning to this man and whirling with that, and allemande left, and now-swing-your-own. Bulbul a moment ago had the choice of a hundred and looked to the pleasure of choosing, but one glimpse of Cecily settled the matter. One deep breath through wide-flared nostrils, legs come alive again, eyes blurring slightly through a mist of lust, Bulbul strode to the village street and along to the green and around to the place where the music played. And he waited.

And the music bleated and bubbled and came to a halt and Cecily spun gasping and smiling away from the dancers as the sets turned turned and found herself caught by the elbow and speared by the gaze of the man in the cloak, who swept down his plumes and announced that he had found her at last.

"I do not know you, sir," she said, "and I am not lost."

"I am Bulbul Byo." His throaty voice seemed aimed at the pores rather than the ears, it soaked the skin entire, to its most intimate reaches. "I came over the mountains and across the moors, seeing the loom of a light like that of the unrisen moon and thirsting to know its source and it led me to you. Now you know me and how I came to be here."

"But not why," she responded.

"To give you gifts," he answered immediately, and gave her a little gold locket he had acquired two towns ago by saying to a woman that he did not want it. He had given it away one town ago, and had gotten it back by saying how he admired any lady who could treasure a memory more than a material thing. She took it and cupped it in one hand while the fingers of the other drifted over its small bright

Photograph by CHRIS CALLIS

surface, looking not at it, but at him. He felt a twinge of alarm, but kept it out of his voice. "What are you doing?" he asked, surprising himself. "Looking at you," she replied. "I mean, with the locket." "Looking at you," she said, and at that, he should have known, but he did not. She asked him then what other gifts he had in mind, which was what he wanted to hear. He bowed slightly and offered his arm, which she took, and they toured the market, where he bought her a sausage and a cider.

"And now I have a thing unique and precious for you," he said, and he said it leaning forward, taking her shoulders, placing his mouth by her neck, warming it, putting his words up under the fall of her hair. "But I have it hidden yonder, and we shall have to walk."

"Yonder? To the west? But there is nothing there but the wood, and Wamberly Waters."

But there is. Come. We have the moon to help us."

"Yes," she said. "Indeed the moon will help us." Arm in arm they walked away westerly, whether or not to her waiting waif he could not care, and she simply did not. "Tell me, what are you?" and he answered her easily. traveler, trader, tutor, teller of tales, cavalier, courtier, captain of cavalry, artist and artisan, poet-philosopher. "My," she said. "My."

And into the fringes, moonflecked and bright, of Wamberly Wood, and into the thickening growth with more shadow than light, and into the heart of the dark of the wood and they walked, when he sighed and they stopped.

"What is it?"

Forgive me; you've worked at the market all day, you were dancing for half of the night, you are weary. I know by my own weariness, pressing toward you day after day, and you must forgive me." He opened the clasp of his cloak and spread it on the moss and sank down on it, holding out his hands. "I must rest, and so must you."

"Perhaps I must," said Cecily. "You've a weary-making way of saying *weary*, and she took his hands and nestled down beside him.

"The dark has not brought cool," he said weakly. "I find it hard to breathe," and he unhooked the loops of his silken shirt.

I too, find it difficult . . ." she whispered.

"I can barely move, but I shall help you," and he unlaced her bodice. She made no move to stop him, but as each lace was loosed, she murmured a thing he had told her about himself: traveler, trader, tutor, teller of tales, cavalier, courtier, captain of cavalry, artist and artisan, poet-philosopher; and as the last lace fell away, she asked him, "Are you also a liar?"

"Certainly not!" he cried, startled. "I speak only the truth!"

"Then sobeit," she said; and, reaching into a stray thread of moonlight, she filled her cupped hands with it like a fluid, and poured it over his head.

For the second time he demanded, "What are you doing?" and she answered, "Making of you a teller of truth."

"I have told you the truth," he protested. "I have sought you, I have found you. I have become your servant and your slave!"

"Precisely," said Cecily. "Know then that I am the Moon Witch of the market village, and that the likes of what you were are not tolerated, and what you now are can be useful for now. anything you say will then become the truth, since getting you to tell the truth in any other way is beyond your ability or mine."

"I will never leave you!" he cried.

"Oh damn," said Cecily, "I do wish you hadn't said that. Let me think a minute."

He waited slavishly for a moment and then she rose and held out her hand. "Come with me." And she led him through the wood to the shore of the Wamberly Waters.

Moored there was a little boat. She ordered him into it and, opening the little gold locket, she handed it to him, saying, "Your first condition is that of my servant and my slave, and as such you must finish the task I set you before you begin to be my constant companion. Therefore, I order you to take this locket as your spoon, and with it lift all of the water from one side of the boat and put it all on the other side." So saying she beat and took the prow of the boat and mightily launched it far out into the Wamberly Waters; then turned and walked into the wood, lacing up her bodice and thinking good thoughts.

And so it is, if ever you cross the mountains and the rich fields of the lake country, and at the full of the moon, come upon a village with a Moonmarket, and go on through the forest to the lakeshore, you will see an old, old man in a boat, dipping and spilling, dipping and spilling, while back in the village the dancers dance and the hawkers cry their wares, and central to it all is the beautiful Cecily Snow. None of which is a mystery, not when compared to the mystery that nobody ever questions, nobody ever wonders, about Cecily, Cecily, Cecily Snow.

Binders for *Heavy Metal* are here!

HEAVY METAL

I enclose my check ( ) or money order ( )

Name

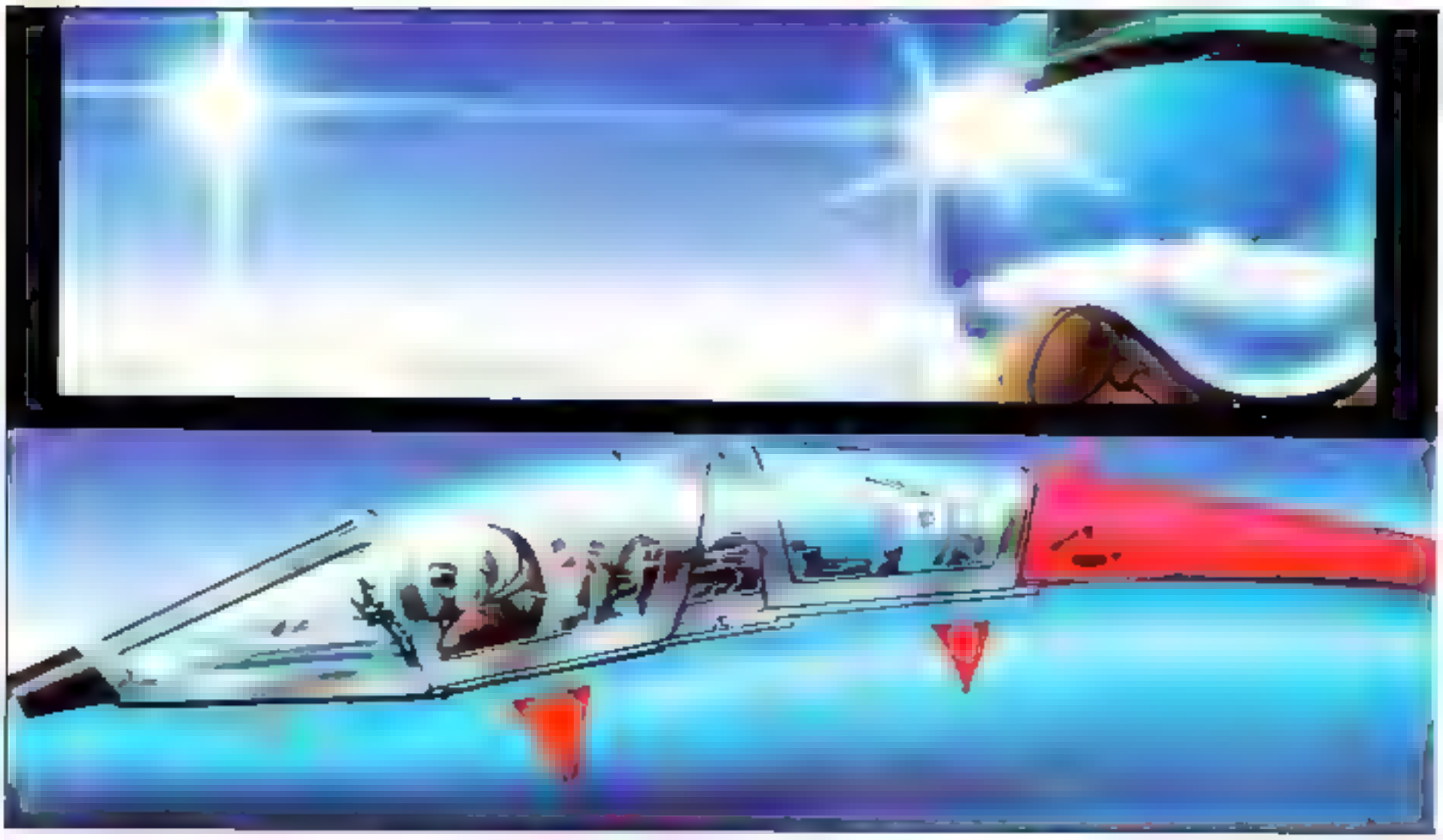
Address

City **State** **Zip**

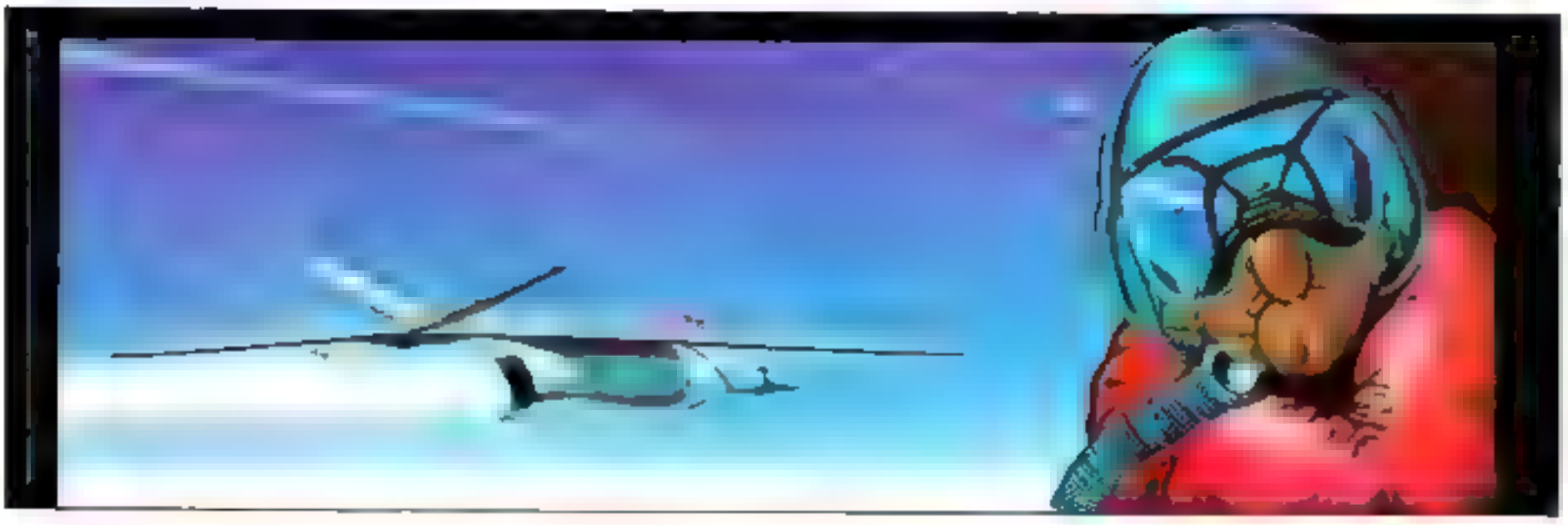
HE FLIES FASTER THAN SOUND. ONLY A FAINT STREAK ACROSS THE SKY SIGNALS THE PASSING OF...

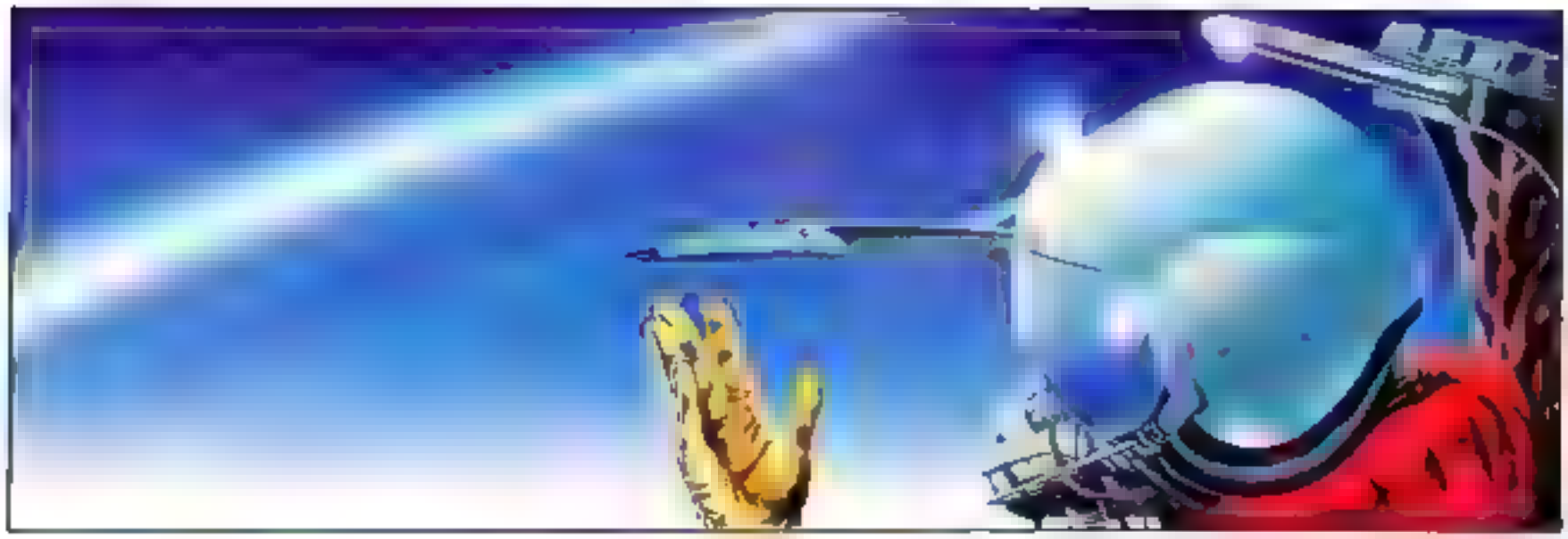
JET MAN

CONTROL TO SUPERSONIC: PREPARE FOR TAKEOFF!

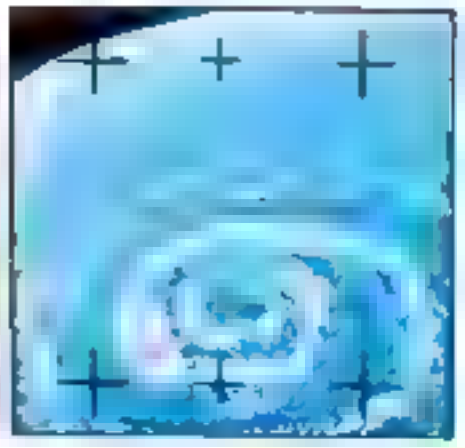


CALL LETTERS: AENEAS





AENEAS: MAINTAIN POSITION SO / 67



MISSION CONTROL TO AENEAS: PALINURUS
HURRICANE ALERT AT 0100: DO YOU COPY?

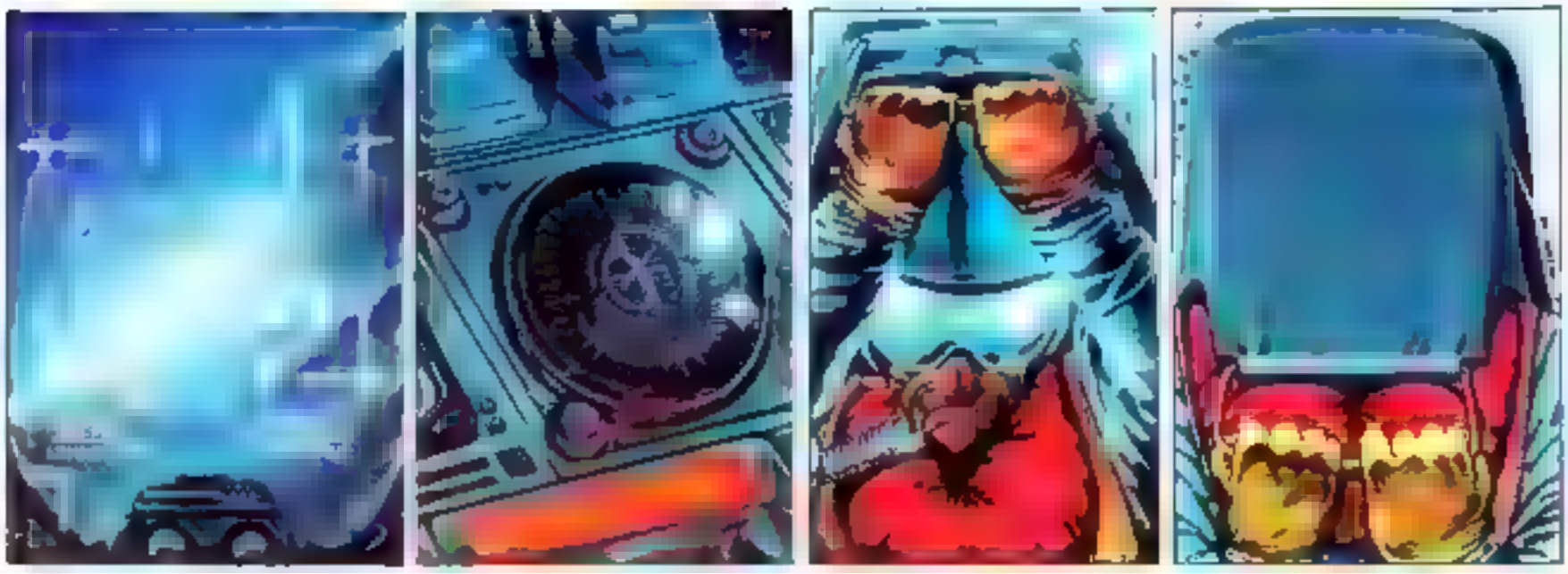
0100:MACH 1

MACH 2

MACH 3

PALINURUS! CORRECT TRAJECTORY!

WHAT IS THE PRICE OF BLOOD?



JET MAN © 73 ANGUS McKIE

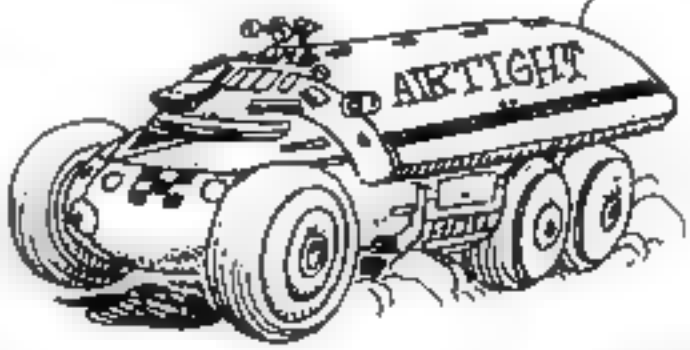
LE GARAGE

by MOEBIUS

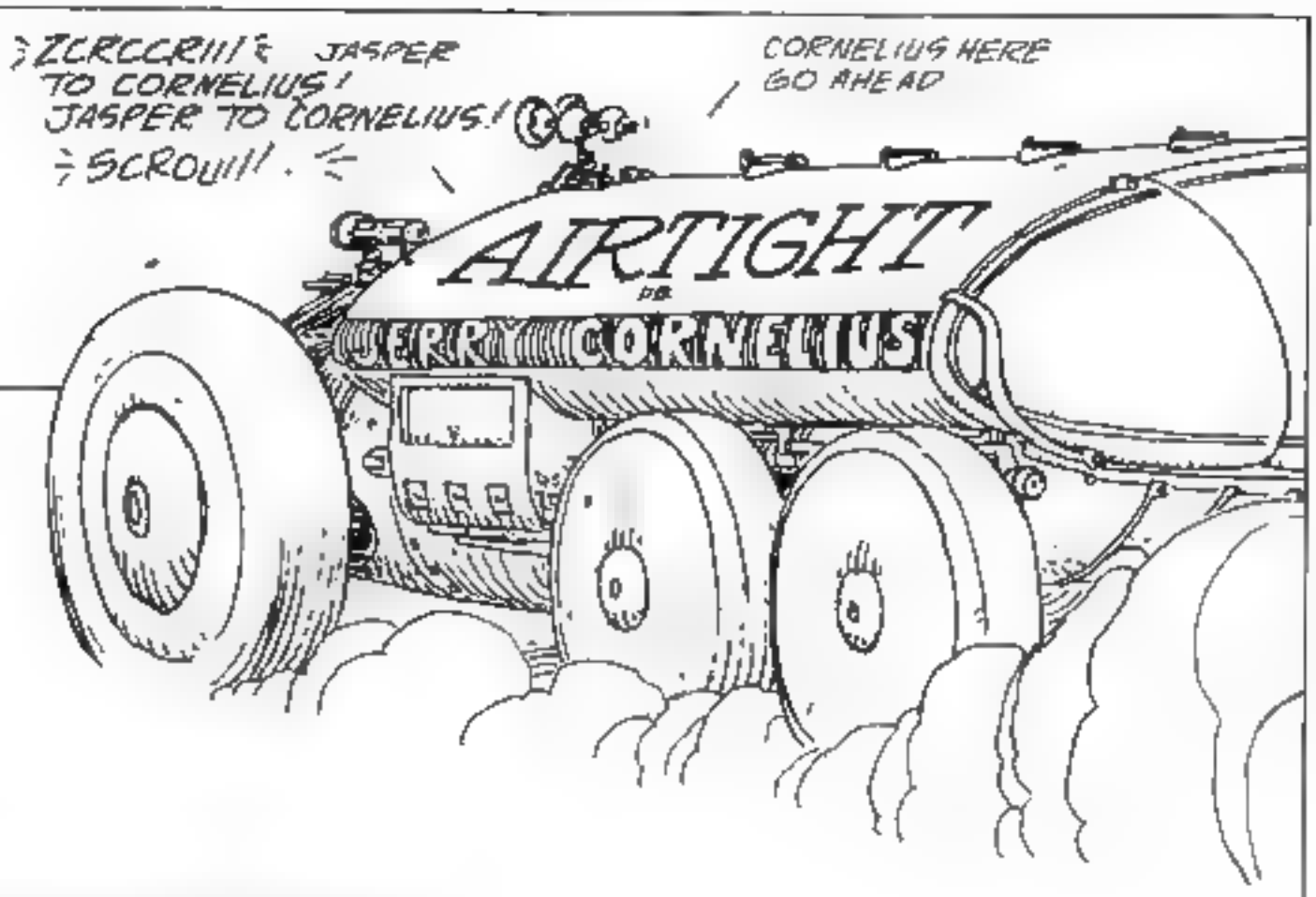
CHAPTER TWO

ALERT ON THE TUNDRA

THE YOUNG ENGINEER, **BARNABUS**, UNDER THE SPELL OF THE **EVIL BETTY**, DELIBERATELY CAUSED THE **DESTRUCTION** OF THE **TRANSPORTER** WHICH HAD BEEN MADE ACCORDING TO THE **PLANS** FOUND ON THE **BODY** OF JERRY CORNELIUS'S FATHER



IMMEDIATELY THE FAITHFUL **JASPER** TRIED TO CONTACT CORNELIUS'S **"TATER 2000"** ON THE ROAD TO "ARMJOURTH," THE MYSTERIOUS CAPITAL.



FOR WEEKS, HE'S BEEN ROLLING ALONG A MONOTONOUS **VOYAGE** ON **AUTOMATIC PILOT RADAR**... BUT NOT FOR A **SECOND** HAS HE RELAXED HIS **VIGILANCE**-- AT THE **RISK OF** *DEATH!!*

MISTER CORNELIUS, THE AFFAIR WITH THE TRANSPORTER HAS TURNED OUT **BADLY** YOUNG **BARNABUS** WAS AFRAID THAT YOU'D **REPROACH HIM** FOR HIS THOUGHTLESSNESS WITH THE **BUBBLE DOME**--SO HE'S **RUN AWAY!**

LOOK IN THE DIRECTION OF THE **SINGING CAVES** I SAW THAT PLACE IN A **DREAM** LAST NIGHT! KEEP ME INFORMED, JASPER, AND GOOD LUCK!

BARNABUS IS VALUABLE, BUT I'M AFRAID THAT..

WE'RE ALL AFRAID, SIR WE'LL SET A COURSE FOR THE CAVES **IMMEDIATELY.**

ANYTHING IS BETTER THAN THE ANGER OF JERRY CORNELIUS!

To be continued

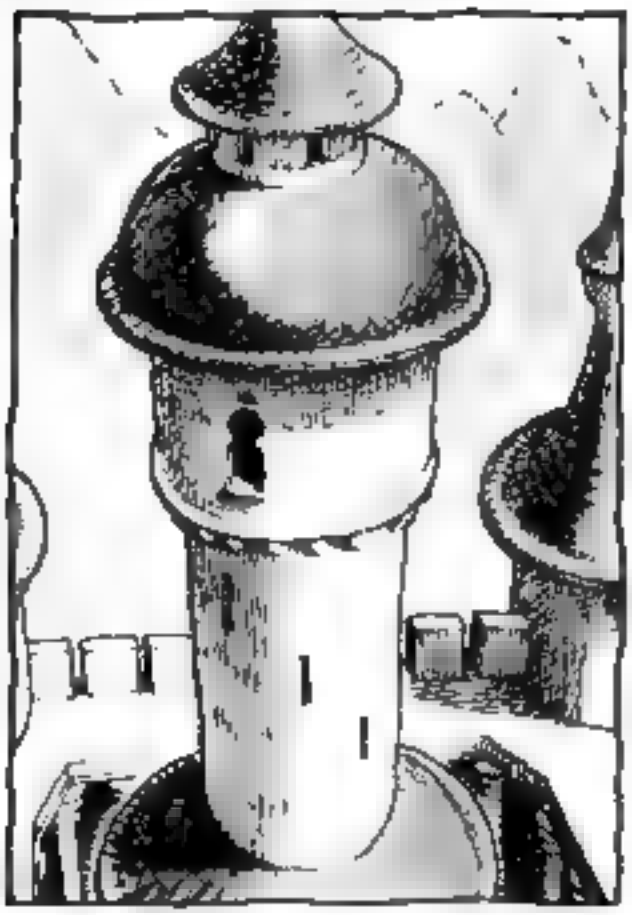
STORY ISO KAHN

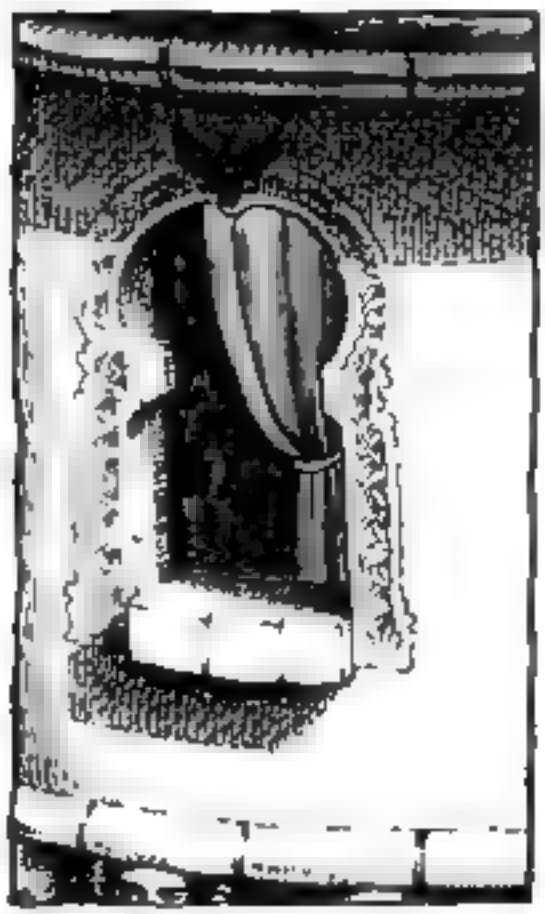
ART PHIL ROSILIO

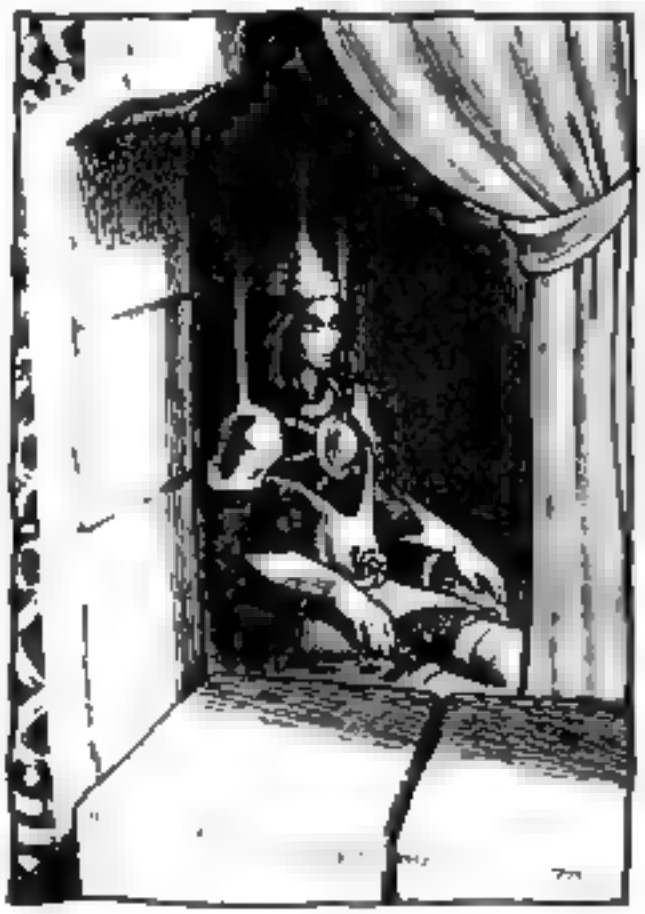
Thool

The Last Knight of the Age in The Palace of the Sorcerers

ON THE HIGHEST MOUNTAIN IN THE KINGDOM OF AKBAR, THE PALACE OF THE SORCERERS RISES MAJESTICALLY FROM THE MIDST OF A GLASSY LAKE







TUROD, THE LAST KNIGHT OF THE ABE, KEPT VIGIL THE NIGHT LONG FOR HE KNEW THAT AT DAWN A **MIRACLE** WOULD OCCUR

HIS GREAT EYES WERE FIXED FOR HOURS. .

THE SHIMMERING FLAME REFLECTED IMPERCEPTIBLY IN THE DEPTHS OF HIS PUPILS

WHEN SUDDENLY

THE SUBTLE **ESSENCE** OF **LIFE** GRADUALLY LIBERATED ITSELF FROM THE FASCINATING DANCE OF THE FLAMES, AND THE MARVELOUS **ALNARA** STEPPED LIGHTLY FORTH LIKE A BLOSSOMING **FLOWER** IN THE SPRING OF **AKBAR.**

ALNARA, MY LOVE COME WITH ME AND CLIMB THE STEPS TO THE GREAT BEYOND!

AND TUROD STEPPED BACK TO GUIDE THE MAGIC DANCE WHICH WAS ALNARA TOWARD THE ASCENDING STEPS OF THE SPIRAL STAIRCASE

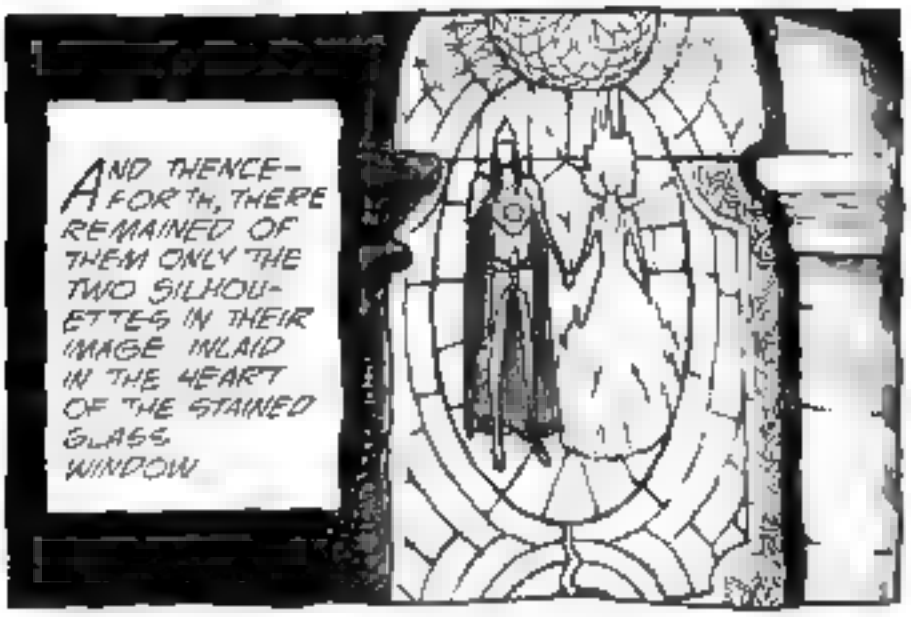
IN THE DIM LIGHT OF THE PALACE, THE TWO STRANGE SILHOUETTES CLIMBED ONE BY ONE THE SPIRAL STEPS OF A GREAT INTERDIMENSIONAL VORTEX, WHICH GRANTED THEM PASSAGE FROM ONE WORLD TO ANOTHER

FOLLOW ME, MY LOVE, SO THAT OUR HEARTS MIGHT BE UNITED FOREVER!

ALREADY TIME AND SPACE WERE CHANGED.

AND TURDD TOUCHED THE WINDOW AND ENTERED INTO IT

JOINED IN THIS MAGIC UNION BY THE BEAUTIFUL ALNARA, HIS SOUL OF FIRE


AND THENCEFORTH, THERE REMAINED OF THEM ONLY THE TWO SILHOUETTES IN THEIR IMAGE INLAID IN THE HEART OF THE STAINED GLASS WINDOW

UNTIL ANOTHER MOMENT IN TIME WHEN A COLOSSAL BURST OF ENERGY SHATTERED IT INTO A THOUSAND PIECES!

A GREAT INTERNAL ENERGY VIBRATED THROUGH THE WHOLE CASTLE SO THAT IT **DISINTEGRATED**

SUDDENLY, IN THE MIDST OF THE FALLEN RUBBLE A **FLOWER** WITH A STRANGE **AURA** APPEARED

REFLECTED IN THE SILENCE OF THE ABYSS, IT BEGAN TO GROW

REACHING TOWARD THE BRIGHT HEAVENS ABOVE, IT GREW

UNTIL THERE APPEARED IN THE **HEART** OF THE VAST FLOWER, LIKE A TRANSPARENCY IN INFINITY. THE WONDERFUL **CRYSTAL** CITY.

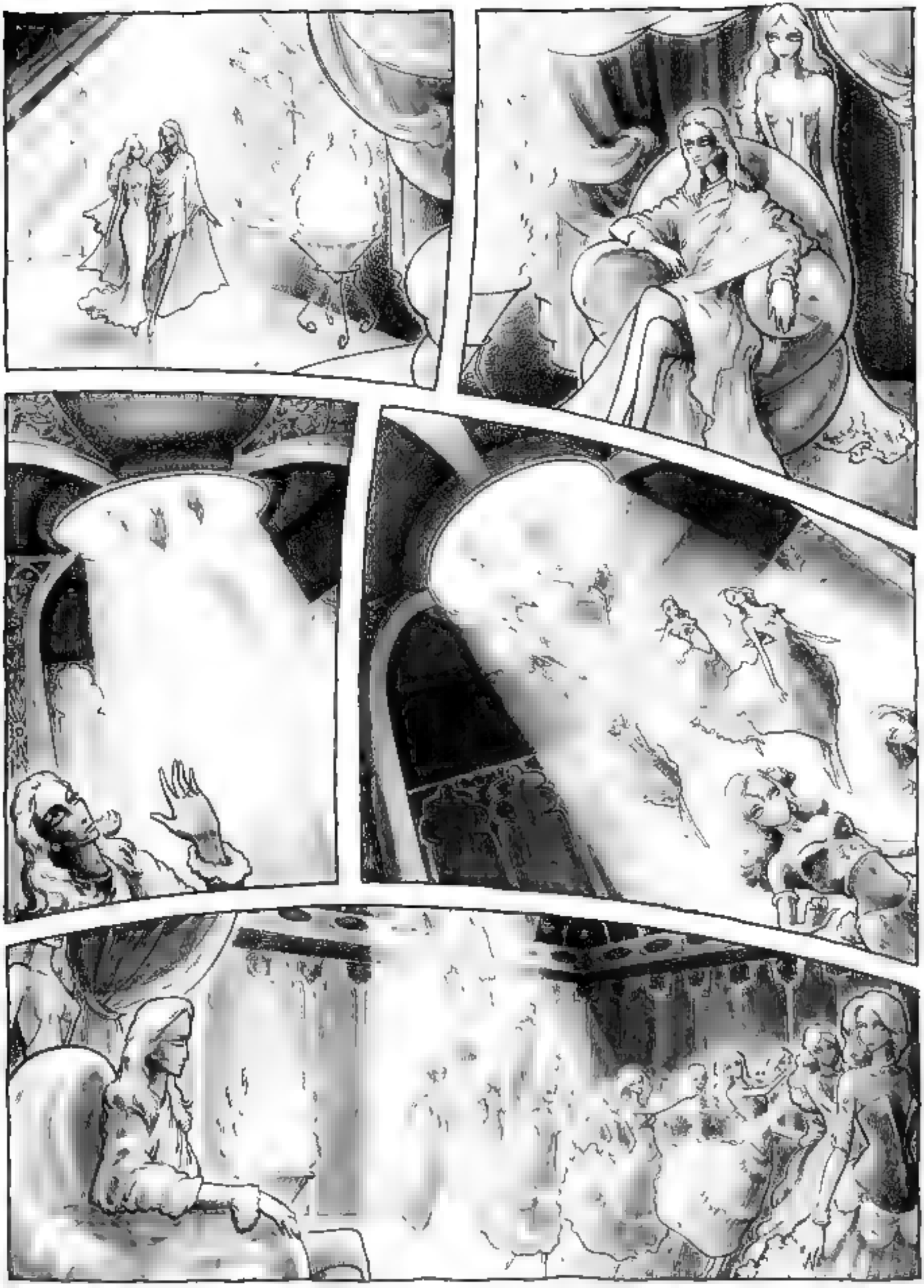
THE TRANSLUCENT SILHOUETTES OF **ALNARA** AND **TUROD** CONTEMPLATED THE MAJESTIC CITY, WHICH DISAPPEARED IN THE COSMIC REACHES OF THE **ETHER**

THE FANTASTIC LOVE BETWEEN **TUROD**, LUMINOUS SOUL IN THE HEART OF DARKNESS AND **ALNARA**, THE INTANGIBLE FLAME OF LIFE SHE WHO RINGS WITH THE STRENGTH OF FIRE WAS **REBORN** IN THE DEPTHS OF **TIME**, IN THE DECREATING SPACE OF **INFINITY**, IN THE VIOLET REALM OF **ETERNAL TRANSPARENCY**

FOLLOW ME, MY BELOVED, TOWARD THE PALACE OF OUR LOVE

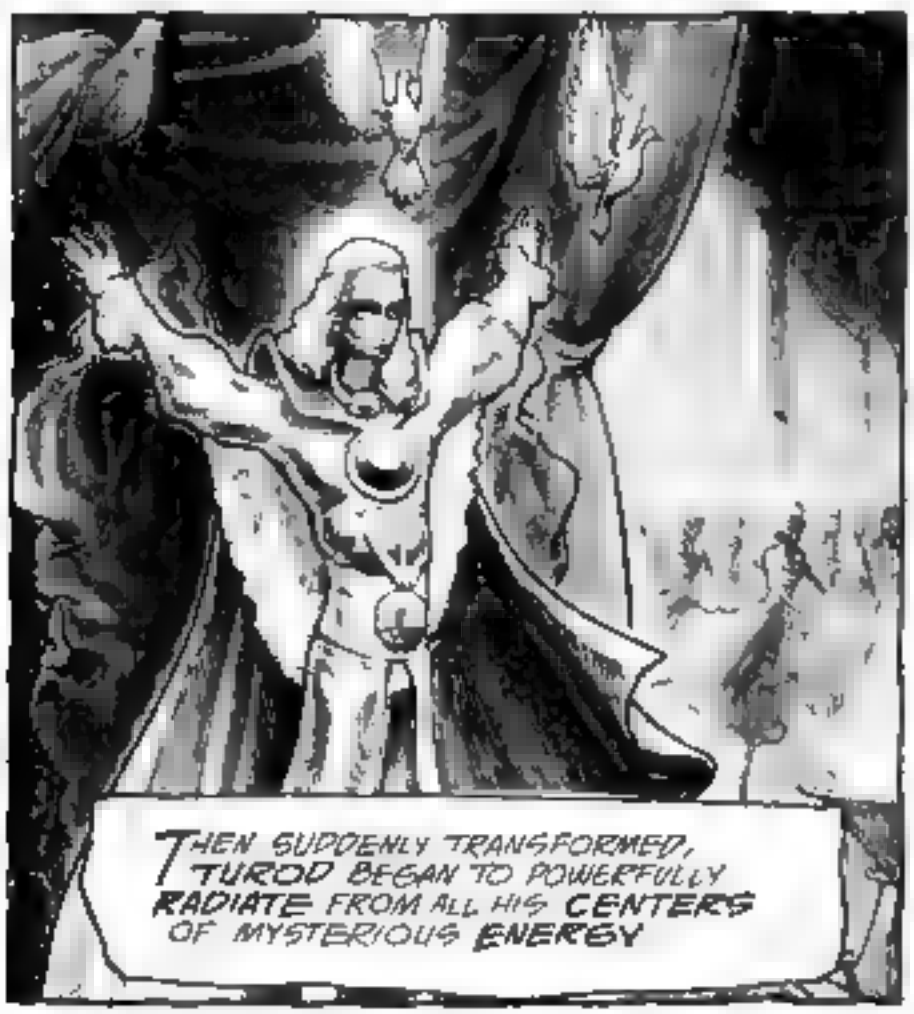
TURGOD AND ALMAEA FLOATED GENTLY AMID THE SILENT, STEAMING MIST OF THE BOILING POOL OF CHAOS AND THE CRIES AND HALLOWS OF THE DEMONIC CITY AS THEY APPROACHED THE GATES OF THE PALACE OF LOVE

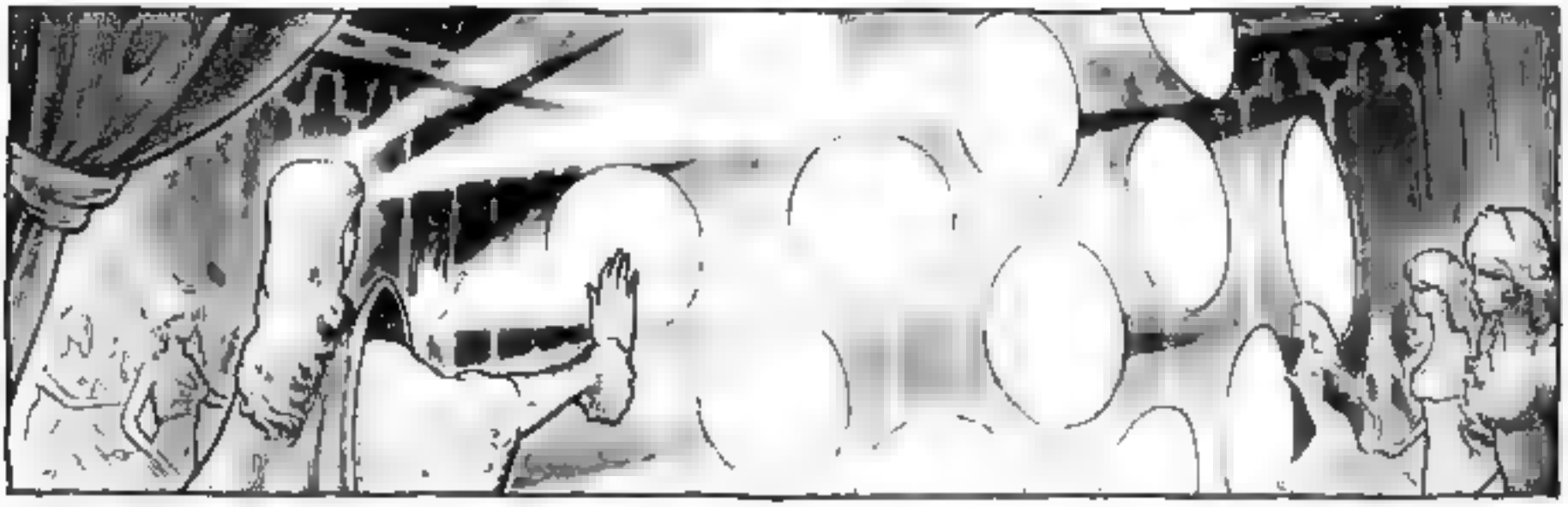
HERE, YOU SEE FLOWER OF MY SOUL, THAT TIME AND SPACE ARE UNITED INTO PERMANENCE

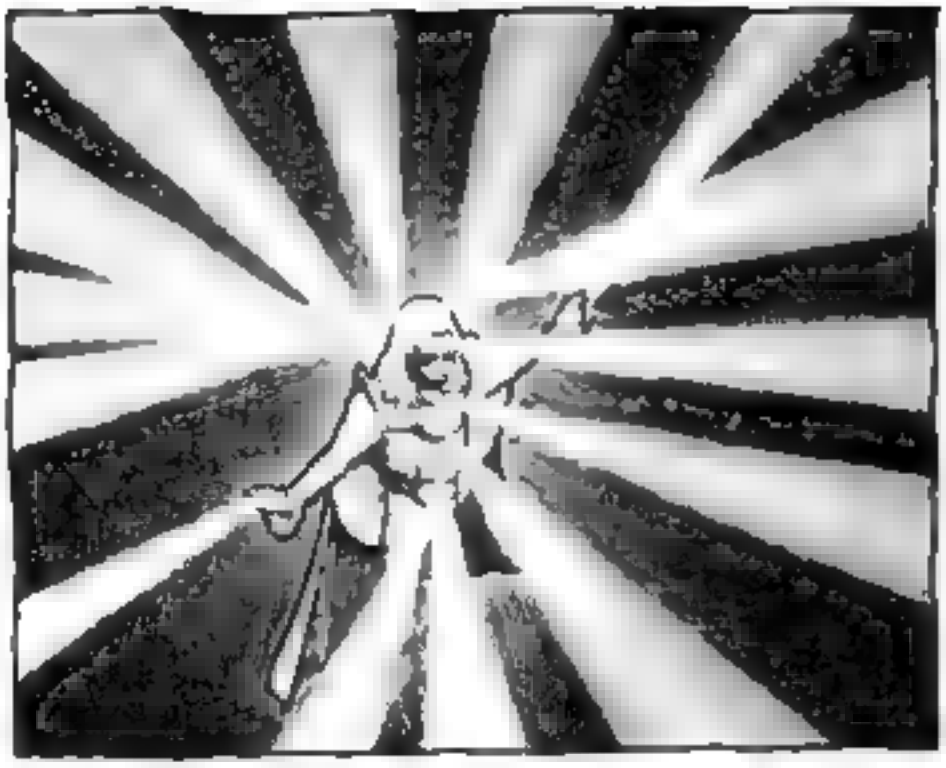


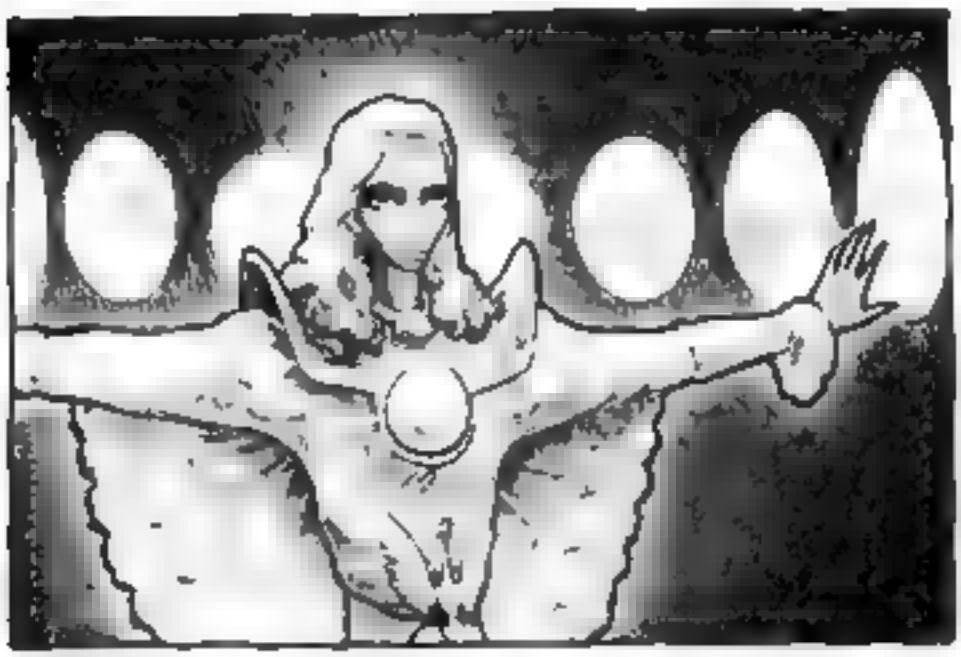
TENDERLY AND WITHOUT WORDS. TUROD GATHERED ALNARA TO HIMSELF

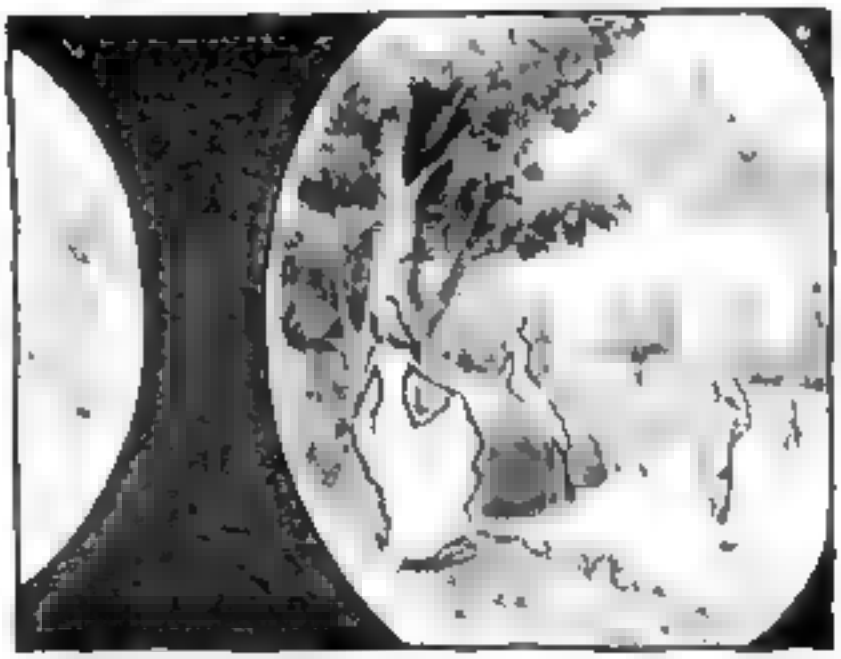
SO THAT THE SUBLIME UNION OF THE BROTHER AND SISTER SOULS MIGHT BE REALIZED.

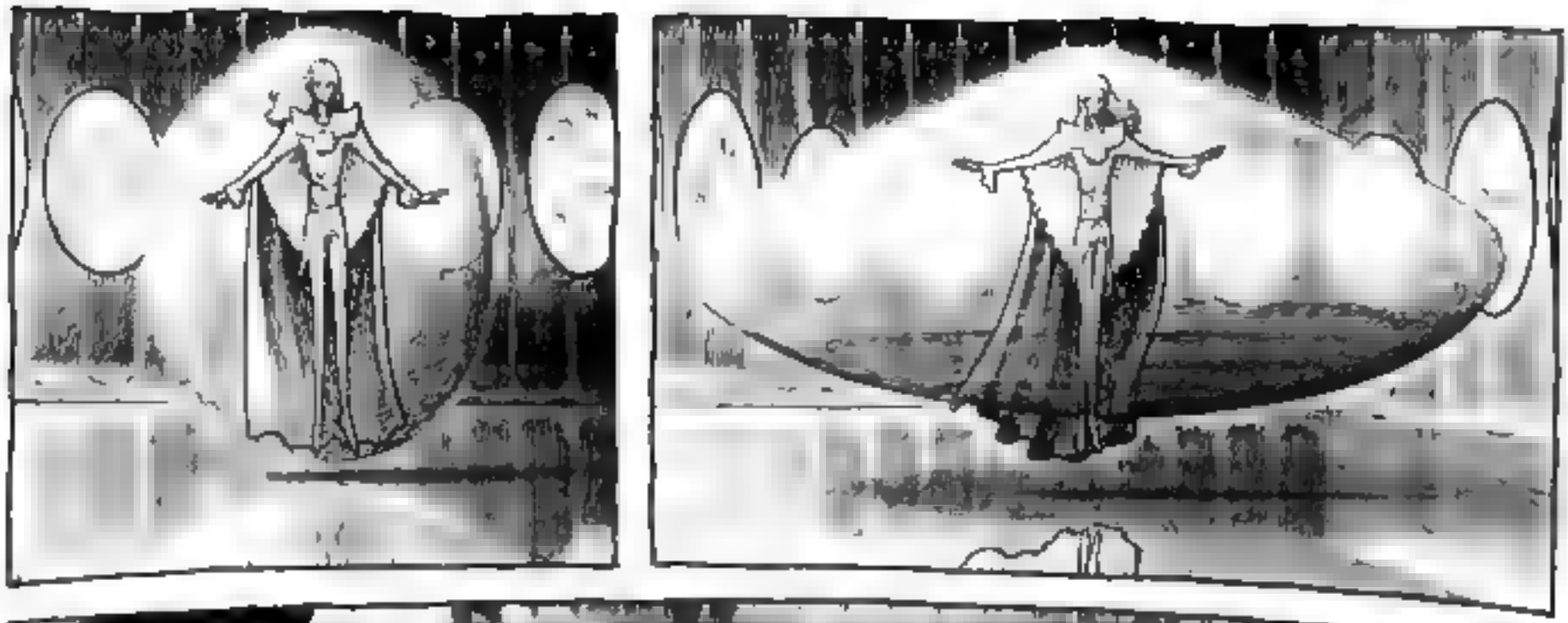

THEN SUDDENLY TRANSFORMED, TUROD BEGAN TO POWERFULLY RADIATE FROM ALL HIS CENTERS OF MYSTERIOUS ENERGY

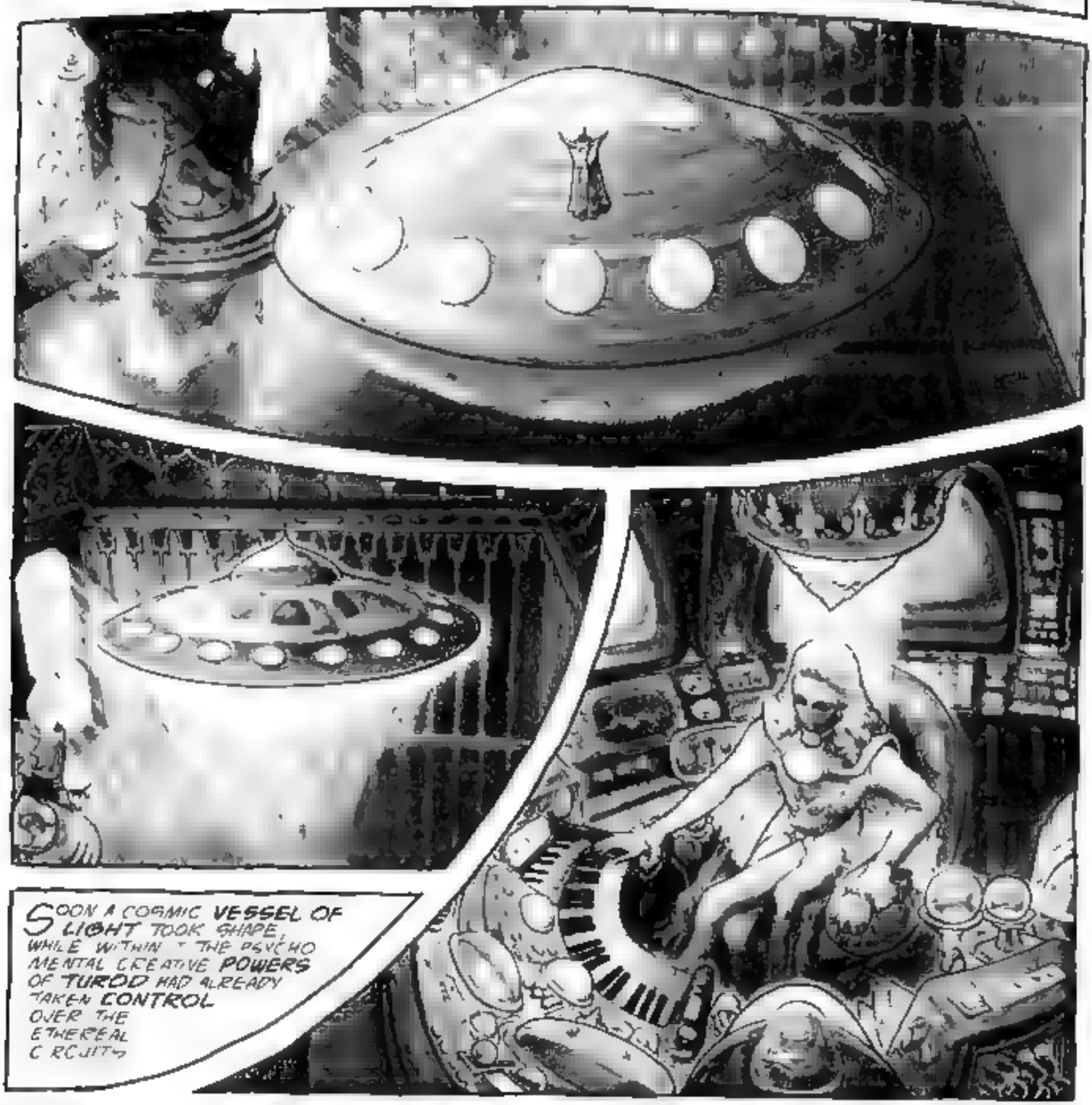











SOON A COSMIC VESSEL OF LIGHT TOOK SHAPE, WHILE WITHIN THE PSYCHO MENTAL CREATIVE POWERS OF TUROD HAD ALREADY TAKEN CONTROL OVER THE ETHEREAL CIRCUITS

THE SHIP ROSE ABOVE THE DOME OF THE PALACE OF LOVE

AND FLEW TOWARD THE PALACE OF WISDOM.

A PIERCING BREATH SOON FILLED THE VAST HALLS OF THE **COSMODROME** TUROD'S SHIP LANDED SOFTLY AMIDST THE OTHER COSMIC VESSELS WHICH HAD COME TO THE **PALACE OF WISDOM** THE **OVERLORDS** CAME FROM ALL THE **INTERDIMENSIONS** OF **ETERNITY** FOR A REUNION OF THE GREAT **GALACTIC COUNCIL**

TUROD STRIDES FORWARD CALM AND NOBLE, AS BEFITS A **KNIGHT OF THE AGE**..

MEANWHILE IN THE HIGHEST ROOM OF THE PALACE, A VIBRATING **AURA** SIGNALS THE PRESENCE OF AN EVEN **HIGHER DIMENSION** OF **CONSCIOUSNESS**.

GREETINGS TO THEE, COMPANION OF THE **FELLOWSHIP**. THE **LAST MISSION** OF **TUROD** HAS BEEN **ACCOMPLISHED** AT LAST.

ALL **PRAISE** TO **THEE, MASTER** OF THE **IMMINENT** I BE NO UNTO THINE **SYNTHETIC AWARENESS** THE SUBLIME **ESSENCE** OF **LIFE**...

AND MAY I TRANSMIT TO THEE THE POWER AND THE STRENGTH OF FIRE, WHICH I HAVE EXTRACTED

THEN IN THE FANTASTIC FIELD OF CONSCIENCE SHARED BY THE GUARDIANS OF THE ETERNAL

UNDER THE IMPULSE OF A STRANGE LUMINOUS RAY, A DROP OF BLOOD GENTLY TRANSFORMED ITSELF

INTO A SHIMMERING CRYSTAL!

THEN TUROD, WITH MOVEMENTS SLOW AND PRECISE TURNED TOWARD THE GREAT TABERNACLE TO ENCASE THE LAST CRYSTAL IN THE SPACE THAT AWAITED IT

AND THUS DID THE SUPREME ARCHETYPE ILLUMINATE THE UNIVERSE WITH IRREPROACHABLE PERFECTION

THUS WAS UNITY CREATED IN THE HEART OF INFINITY BY THE UNION OF ALL THE MASTER'S...
AND THUS DID THE LIMITLESS UNIVERSAL SOUL UNFOLD ITSELF IN THE VASTNESS OF INFINITY, WORLD WITHOUT END, RECREATING ITSELF IN EACH MOMENT TIME AND SPACE BECOMING AND REFLECTING ITS GLORY

DEN

In the depths of the dark catacombs beneath the Queen's stronghold, we four adventurers crept slowly further into the feared castle. Our goal was to steal her sacred magic scepter, the Loc-nar.

Now we separate, Den. Norl will guide you through the halls to the Loc-nar's vault. I will take Gart within the walls and meet you there.

If I fail, you will take the Loc-nar, join the escape team at the river's southern bank, and return to Ard. I will do the same.

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Upwards, ever upward
we climbed, through
shadowed passageways
We frequently heard
the footsteps of guards
and hid until the way
was clear again

Over here.
We're nearly
there

I wiped away the mental im-
ages. There was no time now
for reverie

We were so close but a guard
sat barring the way

I was considering an open attack when strangely the guard arose and left his post.

All was deadly silent. No foot falls betrayed our entry into the inky blackness.

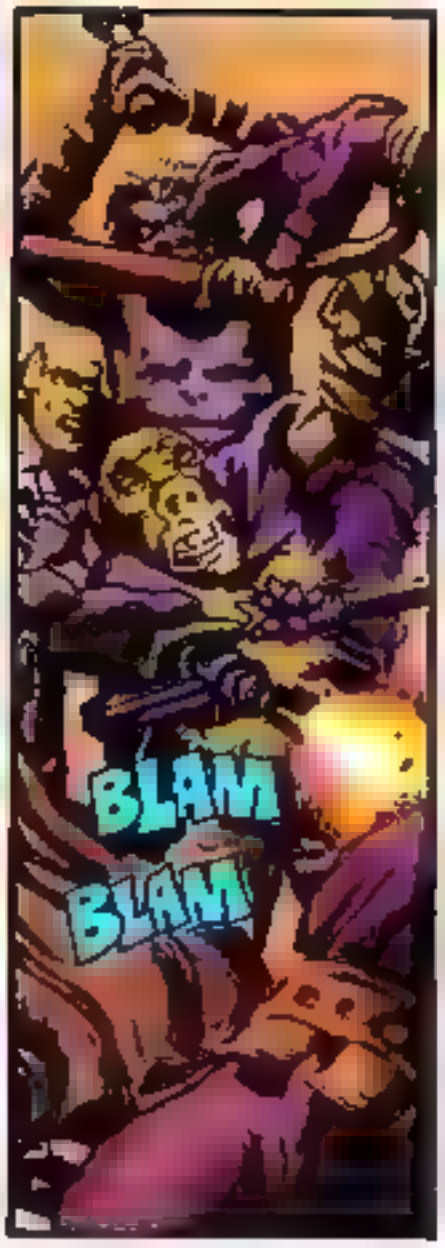
Then we paused letting our eyes become accustomed to the dark room. Momentarily the glow of the Loc-nar became apparent. I felt a thrill in its presence.

With my hands in front of me, I moved forward. I touched something... warm flesh!

Then the lights came on

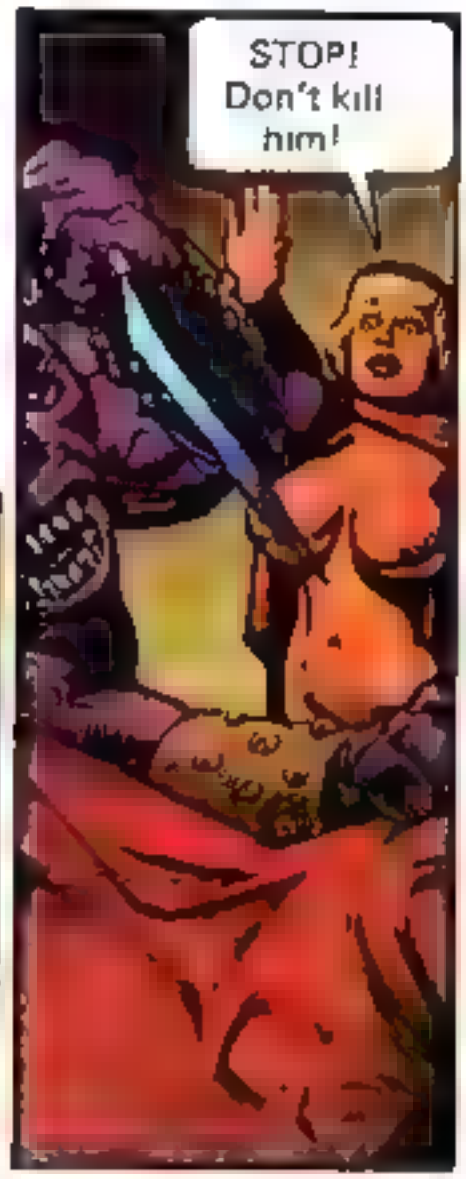
Ha, ha, ha! Guards, kill them!

Norl fought bravely Four of the Queen's soldiers surrounded him. .



and he was finished

Though I had killed six or more combatants, my end was near. I was grabbed and held securely. The captain raised his knife



Soon I found myself washed oiled, and alone with the Queen. Her voice was no longer hard and commanding. Her honey coated whispers had a hypnotic effect

Oh Den, I am glad you are here. I mistreated you before. But now I want you

Mmmm. Oh I have missed you... your body

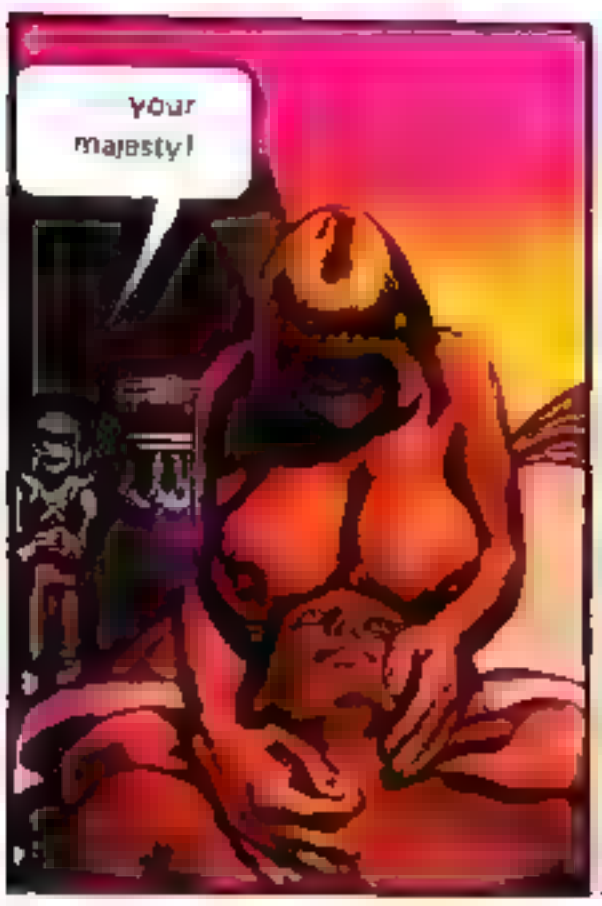
I must have you now

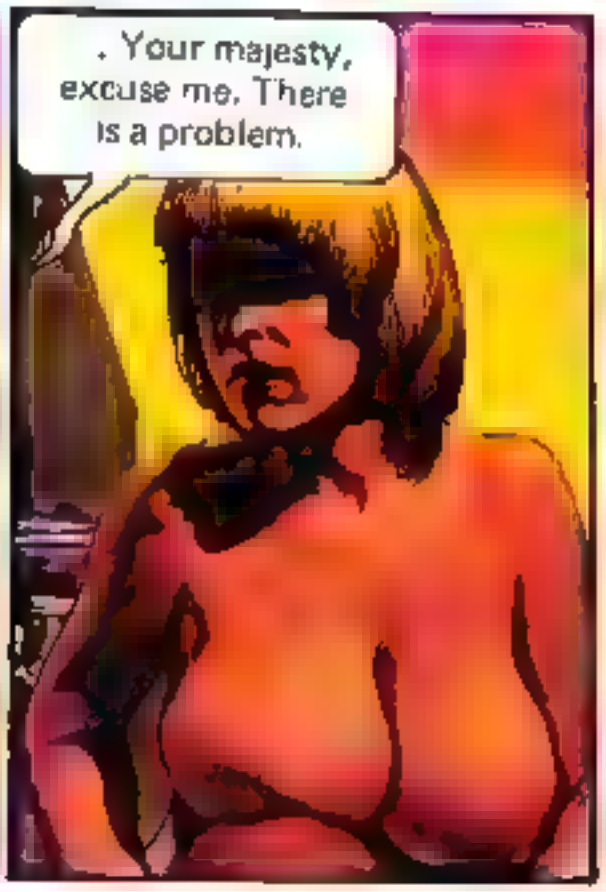
Ummmm awwwh, AHHH!

What a magnificent body you have. So savage, so strong

Look! The dawn climaxes our love. It is a sign, Den. A new day, a new beginning for us.

Nevermhere is a troubled and But together, we shall calm it and bring peace. We shall rule together.


Your majesty!


. Your majesty, excuse me. There is a problem.

. The Loc-nar is missing . STOLEN!

FIEND! You make ove to me while your friends continue your mischief!

HOLD HIM! I'm going to k ll the snake once and for all!

YAAUGH!

KRAK

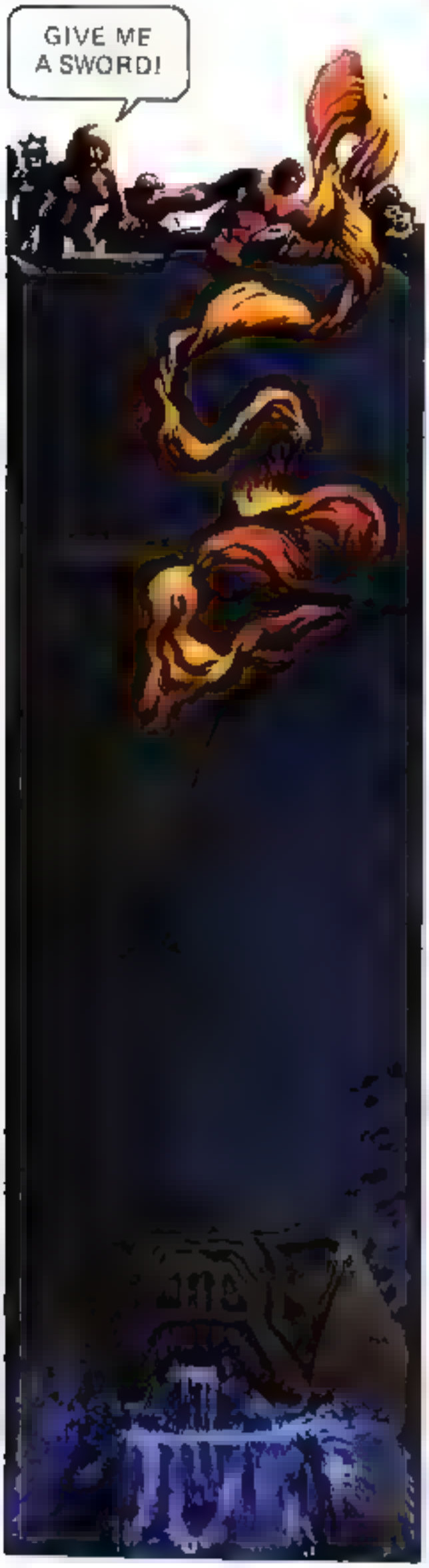
Things were violent aga n, but now I saw a slim chance for escape.

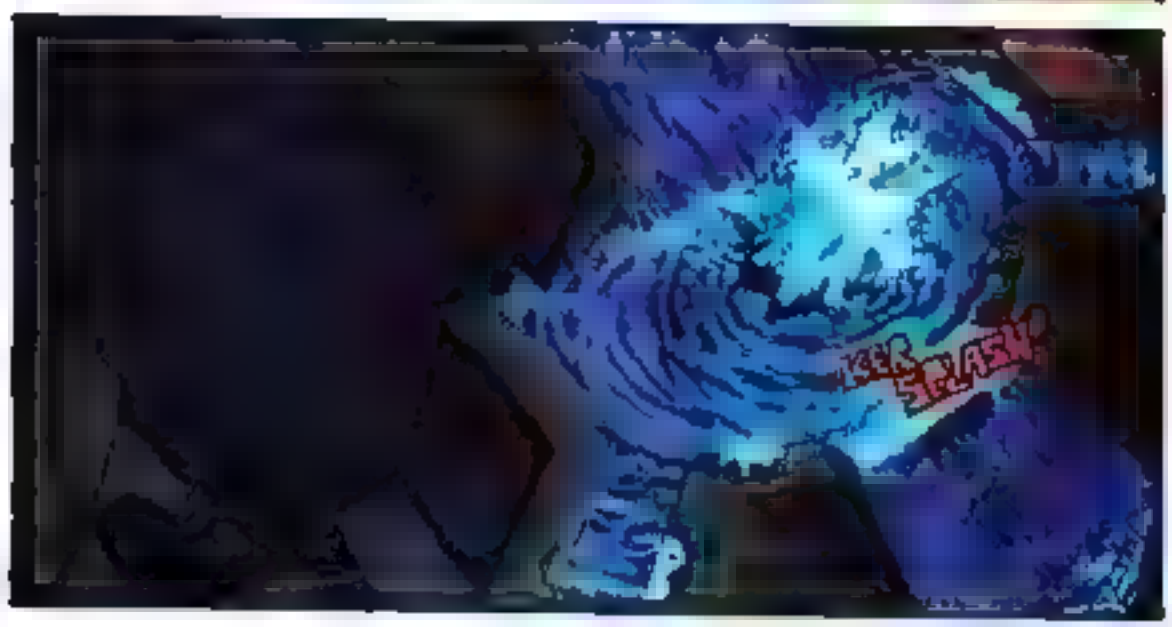
UNGH!

THRAK

WHAK!

I threw the end of the long bedding over the side and quickly followed





to be continued.

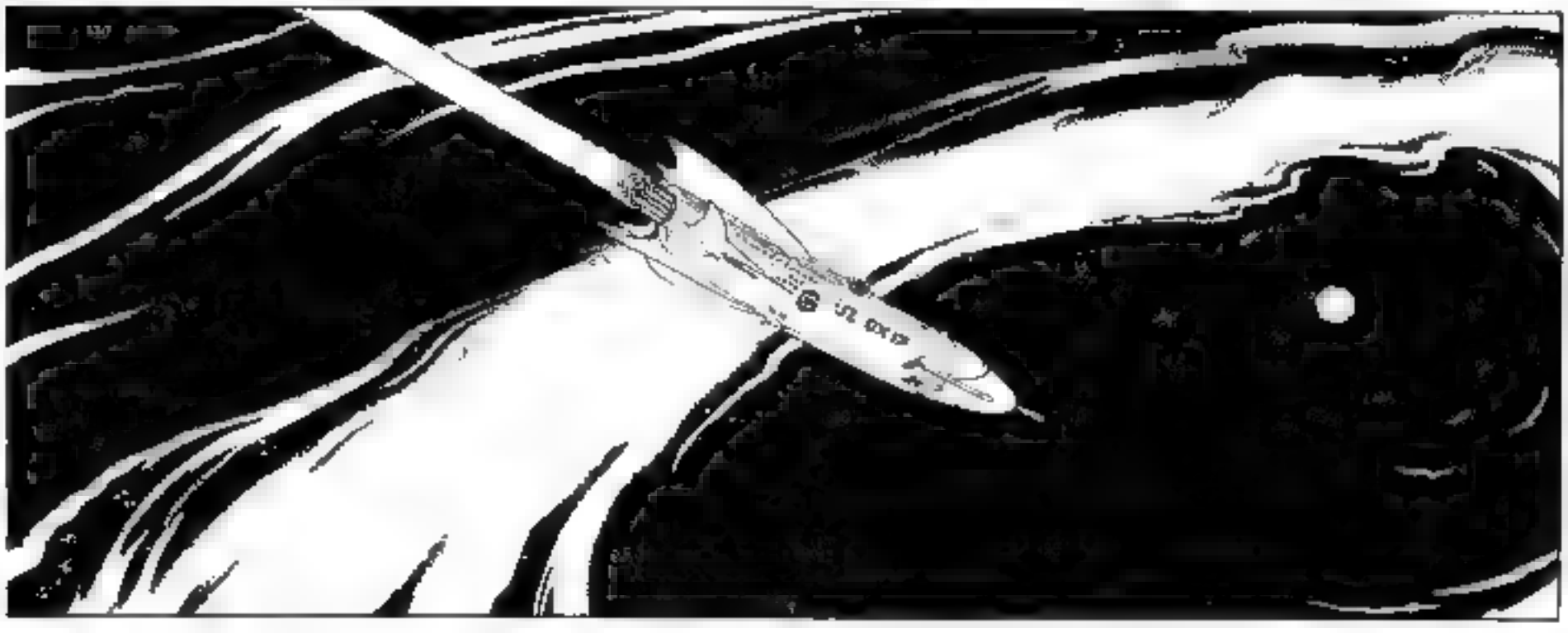
OPERATION OMEGA

ART BY Dennis Fine

A SPACE ADVENTURE

by Maurice Leblanc

SEVEN MONTHS AGO, THE ATOMIC ROCKET **OMEGA-17** LEFT EARTH TO TRAVEL INTO SPACE ITS MISSION TO EXPLORE THE *UNKNOWN PLANET* WHICH HAD **MYSTERIOUSLY** ENTERED OUR SOLAR SYSTEM



THE MAN CHOSEN TO LEAD THIS **AUDACIOUS OPERATION** IS NONE OTHER THAN THE FAMOUS **CAPTAIN WHITE**

DARN! THE **MOTOR'S CONKED OUT**, AND I CAN'T GET IT RESTARTED!

HIS FIANCÉE **VIOLET**, ASSIGNED TO THE RADIO TRANSMISSIONS WHICH CONNECT THE SHIP TO EARTH, S F NDING IT MORE AND MORE DIFFICULT TO **MAKE CONTACT**.

IT'S THE ENG NE ROOM CALL NG GOOD GRIEF THE TURBINE IS **JAMMED!!**

MORRIS WHITE QUICKLY **DASHES** FROM THE PILOT'S CABIN

I'LL TAKE CARE OF IT!!

THEN HE SWIFTLY DONS HIS **ANTI-A OVERALLS**

HELLO?! GOOD THE AIRLOCK TO THE ENGINE ROOM IS OPENING!

WELL, OLD BOY, WHAT HAPPENED?

I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT, CAPTAIN! IT MUST BE **OVERHEATING!**

MEANWHILE, IN THE CABIN OF **VON RICKTUS**, DOCTOR OF NUCLEAR PHYSICS

MY DEAR, THIS TRIP IS TOO UTTERLY **BORING** WHEN WILL IT BE OVER?

POSSIBLY **VERY SOON, MONA.**

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, DOCTOR? TELL ME YOU'VE JUST **GOT** TO!

YOU WOULD KNOW THAT IT'S ALREADY **TOO LATE,** MY BEAUTY IF YOU COULD SEE **WHITE** AND HIS MECHANICS WORKING AWAY ON THE **TURBINE**.. HE'S AN **IDIOT!!!**

HA! HA! HA! HA!

JUST LOOK AT THOSE POOR

I'LL LEAVE YOU TO YOUR LITTLE JOKES DOCTOR I'M GOING TO TAKE A STROLL

HAVE A NICE TIME MONA!!

GET THE PRESSURE BACK TO **ZERO** IN THE **TURBINE!** THIS TIME IT'LL **WORK!!**

AFTER REPAIRING THE TURBINE OF THE **ATOMIC MOTOR**, MORRIS HAS A TALK WITH HIS CHIEF ELECTRICIAN

LEAVE A MAN NEAR THE TURBINE **AT ALL TIMES**, AND CHECK THE FLOW EVERY HOUR !!!

O.K CAP, IF **YOU** SAY SO!

CHIN UP, OLD BOY! KEEP A STIFF UPPER LIP!

HULLO! VIOLET? EVERYTHING'S O.K NOW! I'M ON MY WAY BACK TO GET THE MOTOR STARTED! OVER!

BRAVO, DARLING! WE'RE WAITING FOR YOU

I CAN'T STAND IT, **WASTING** MY **YOUTH** INSIDE THIS **SARDINE CAN!** SPACE TRAVEL IS THROUGH, **FINISHED!** BUT NOW WHAT?

WE **CAN'T GO ON** WITH A DAMAGED MOTOR. WE'LL HAVE TO CONTACT EARTH TO GET **NEW INSTRUCTIONS**

HEY?! HELLO THERE **MONA** WHAT ARE **YOU** DOING HERE?!

NOTHING **GOOD LOOKING!** JUST THINKING

SORRY MONA, BUT I DON'T HAVE TIME TO TALK NOW.

LET ME BY

NO MORRIS DARLING, NOT UNTIL

I'VE KISSED YOU!!

MMMMM!

WHAT? HAVE YOU LOST YOUR MIND MONA? AREN'T YOU FEELING WELL?

IS THAT ALL YOU'VE GOT TO SAY?! GO ON, THEN, IF YOU'RE IN SUCH A HURRY

POOR FOOL!

IN THE CONTROL ROOM

NO, JIM, EARTH DOESN'T ANSWER ANYMORE IT'S STRANGE

STILL NOTHING, VIOLET?

O.K.!! JIM, GET READY TO FIRE THE REACTOR!!! VIOLET CONTACT EARTH !!!

I JUST DID MORRIS! UNFORTUNATELY, IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO GET A RESPONSE !!!

O.K. CAP!

YOU WERE CERTAINLY GONE LONG ENOUGH WAS THERE A PROBLEM?

UH YES YES I WAS GIVING INSTRUCTIONS TO THE CHIEF MECHANIC, THAT'S ALL

YOU SEEM A LITTLE NERVOUS, MORRIS HONEY

THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG. I CAN FEEL IT, BUT WHY THIS EMBARRASSMENT, WHY THIS SILENCE?

JIM WE'RE RESUMING OUR COURSE / REACTOR AT MINIMAL POWER!

O.K., CAP!

OMEGA-17 HAS STARTED AGAIN.. FOR HOW LONG? DEAR GOD, IF I COULD ONLY GET INSTRUCTIONS FROM EARTH!

IN ORDER TO FORGET HER ROMANTIC FAILURE WITH MORRIS WHITE, MONA GOES TO THE SWIMMING ROOM

WHAT A DOLL THAT MORRIS IS BUT IT CAN NEVER BE WELL, TO EACH HIS OWN

OOPS! IT'S COLD!!

SPLASH!

MEANWHILE IN VON RICKTUS'S CABIN

DAMNATION! THE MACHINE CONFIRMS MY CALCULATIONS THIS SHIP IS ON THE ROAD TO RUIN! ACH! THIS SITUATION CAN'T GO ON MUCH LONGER!

I SIMPLY MUST TALK TO MONA!!!

WELL I'M EXHAUSTED!

BUT I KNOW ONE THING FOR SURE THAT I WANT TO GET OUT OF THIS METAL SAUSAGE EVEN MORE THAN EVER..!

I SAY, SENTRY, COULD YOU TELL ME WHERE MY ASSISTANT, MONA IS?

OF COURSE, DOCTOR RIGHT NOW SHE'D BE IN CABIN Nº 3 OF THE SWIMMING TANK

THANK YOU! NOW, LET ME PASS!

TAP! TAP! TAP! TAP!

YOU MUST PARDON ME, IT CAN'T WAIT!

WHO'S THERE?

IT IS I, VON RICKTUS. I HAVE SOMETHING IMPORTANT TO TELL YOU! MAY I?

CERTAINLY, DARLING, COME IN.

NOW WHAT DOES HE WANT?

BY ALL THE ELECTRONS OF THE GALAXY MONA, YOU LIGHT UP OUR DARK ROCKET WITH YOUR

YES! SURE! DID YOU COME BARGING IN HERE TO TELL ME THAT?

NO OUR SITUATION IS STILL CRITICAL! ARE YOU STILL SET ON RETURNING TO EARTH!

MORE THAN EVER, DARLING!

GOOD! NOW HERE'S MY PLAN!

VON RICKTUS REVEALS HIS DIABOLICAL PROJECT TO MONA.

AND TO DO IT, I WILL NEED YOUR HELP TO RALLY SOME OF THE CREWMEN TO OUR CAUSE!

YOU CAN COUNT ON ME, DOCTOR!

MORRIS! I'M PICKING UP STATIC ON MY HEADSET!

YOU MUST BE TIRED! GIVE ME THE HEADSET AND GO GET SOME REST IN YOUR CABIN

NOW YOU'LL FIND OUT WHO IS THE STRONGEST ONE ON BOARD, MY HANDSOME CAPTAIN

COME ON, MONA, IT'S TIME!

OH, ME! OH, MY! I'M DROPPING WITH EXHAUSTION! A LITTLE REST WILL DO ME A WORLD OF GOOD

WAIT! WHAT ARE THOSE TWO UP TO?

WE'LL MEET IN AN HOUR, AGREED!

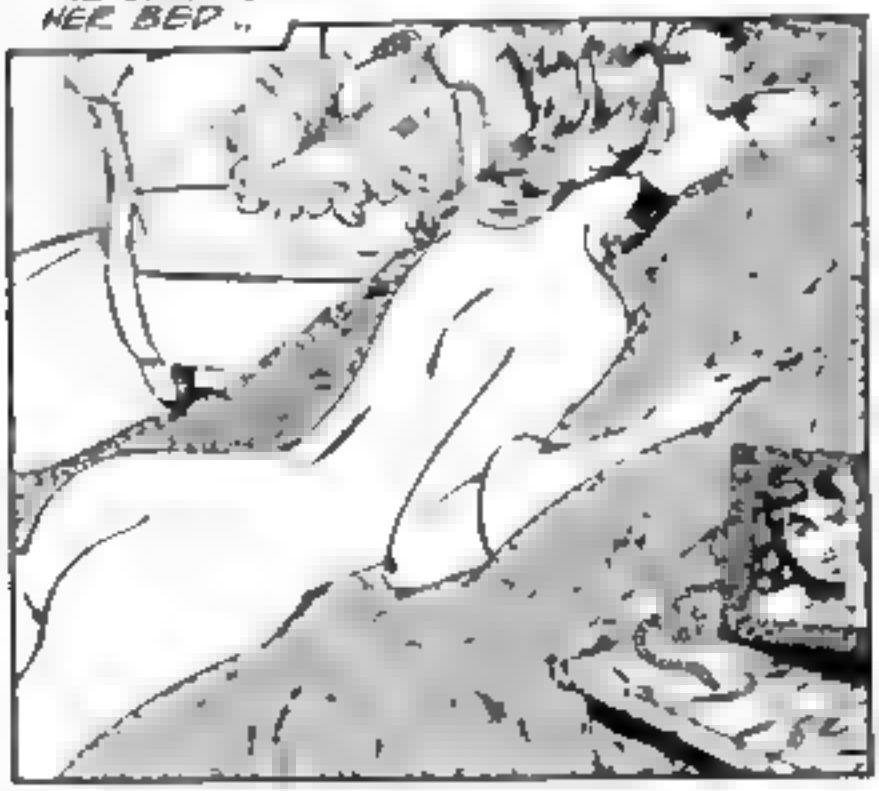
YES, YOU KNOW WHERE! GOOD LUCK!

IN LESS THAN AN HOUR MONA

HAS MANAGED TO ASSEMBLE A LITTLE

GANG OF MEN DETERMINED TO MUTINY

VIOLET, UNAWARE OF THE **DANGER** MENACING THE CALM OF THE SHIP, IS ASLEEP ON HER BED ..



AND AS FOR MORRIS --HE'S PREOCCUPIED WITH THE PROBLEMS OF **COSMIC RADIO INTERFERENCE**, WHICH APPEAR TO BE INSOLUBLE

THE LITTLE GANG BURSTS INTO THE CONTROL ROOM!

CALM YOURSELF, CAPTAIN, I'M RELIEVING YOU OF YOUR TASKS!

PUT DOWN YOUR GUN, JIM!

IS THERE SOMETHING YOU'D LIKE TO SAY?

WHY DOCTOR, WHAT BEE CAN YOU POSSIBLY HAVE IN YOUR BONNET? HOW ARE YOU GOING TO TAKE COMMAND GIVEN THE CIRCUMSTANCES-- THIS IS MADNESS!!!

ON THE CONTRARY, I MADE THIS DECISION IN A SPIRIT OF UTMOST CALM. IN SPITE OF YOU, I WANT TO SAVE THE CREW FROM THE FATAL RADIATIONS THE TURBINE HAS BEGUN TO EMIT!

HELLO? HELLO? ORDERS FOR OMEGA 17 CREW TO RETURN TO EARTH! THE AUTOMATIC LANDING BEAM WILL BE AT YOUR DISPOSAL IMMEDIATELY! BON VOYAGE!

OPERATION OMEGA IS TERMINATED!

BUT IT CAN IT BE THAT THE LITTLE VESSEL APPROACHING OUR ROCKET HAS SOME CONNECTION WITH THE MYSTERIOUS STATIC HEARD BY VIOLET?

NO!

COURAGEOUSLY, MORRIS LEAPS, AND

PLEASE BELIEVE THAT I REGRET THIS VIOLENCE, CAPTAIN, BUT YOUR RATHER CHILDISH CONDUCT FORCES ME TO DO THIS

OW!

SPAT

LET'S GO, MEN, THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE!

THE INCIDENT OVER EVERYONE PREPARES TO LEAVE OMEGA-17 ... OR

NEARLY EVERYONE

WHAT'S HAPPENING? WE HAVE TO EVACUATE AND MORRIS DIDN'T EVEN WARN ME! HOW STRANGE

MY GOD!

WITH EVERYONE ELSE GONE AHEAD, THE LAST LAUNCH READIES FOR TAKEOFF WITH ONLY VON RICKTUS THREE MEN AND VIOLET ON BOARD

MAYBE A LARGE METEORITE COLLIDED WITH THE ROCKET! GO CHECK ON IT BEFORE WE LEAVE!

SAY, DOC WHAT COULD THAT HELLISH NOISE BE?

O.K. DOC!

IN ITS TURN, THE FOURTH LAUNCH EXPLODES FROM THE SHIP

TELL ME, MY GOOD MAN WHAT'S HAPPENING? SPEAK UP?

MY GOD!

AAAGHHHH THE MONSTERS EVER THEY'RE **CARRYING OFF VIOLET**. THEY MUST BE.

BY A THOUSAND PLANETS! WE **CAN'T** LET HER FALL INTO THE HANDS OF CREATURES WITHOUT RELIGION OR LAW COMRADES, MIGHT I SOLICIT YOUR HELP IN

YOU BET, DOC! I'D RATHER DIE THAN LEAVE HER IN THE HANDS OF THOSE SWINE!

RIGHT!

A LITTLE WHILE LATER THE **GALACTIC SILENCE** FALLS AGAIN ON OMEGA-17 THE FIFTH ROCKET **NEVER RETURNS** TO EARTH

AND WITHIN TWELVE MONTHS, ASTONISHINGLY ENOUGH, THE FOUR LAUNCHES FROM OMEGA-17 ARRIVED AT OMEGA-ON-THE-SEA. CAPTAIN MORRIS WHITE REPORTED HIS SAD MISADVENTURE TO THE SPACE AUTHORITIES, AND COULD ONLY SUGGEST SOME THEORIES REGARDING THE DISAPPEARANCE OF THE FIFTH SHIP.

AS FOR THE PARTICIPANTS IN THE MUTINY, THEY WERE DISMISSED FROM THEIR POSITIONS AND FORBIDDEN TO FLY FOR THREE YEARS!

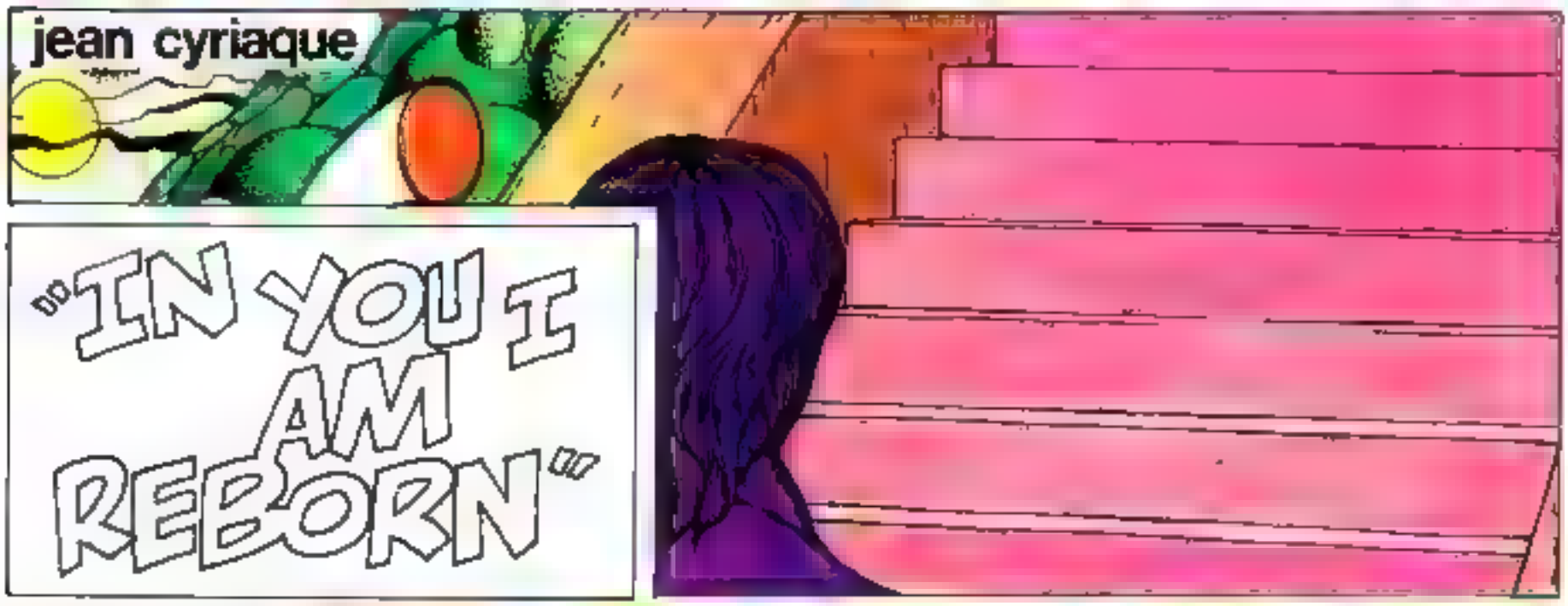
...BUT... DID THE ENIGMATIC VON RICKTUS **REALLY** SAVE VIOLET FROM HER STRUGGLE WITH THE MYSTERIOUS **EXTRATERRES-TRIALS**!?!?

WILL MORRIS EVER AGAIN FIND HIS SWEET FIANCEE... NOW LOST IN DEEPEST SPACE?...

AT THE END OF A BEAUTIFUL AUTUMN DAY ON THE BEACH AT OMEGA-ON-THE SEA

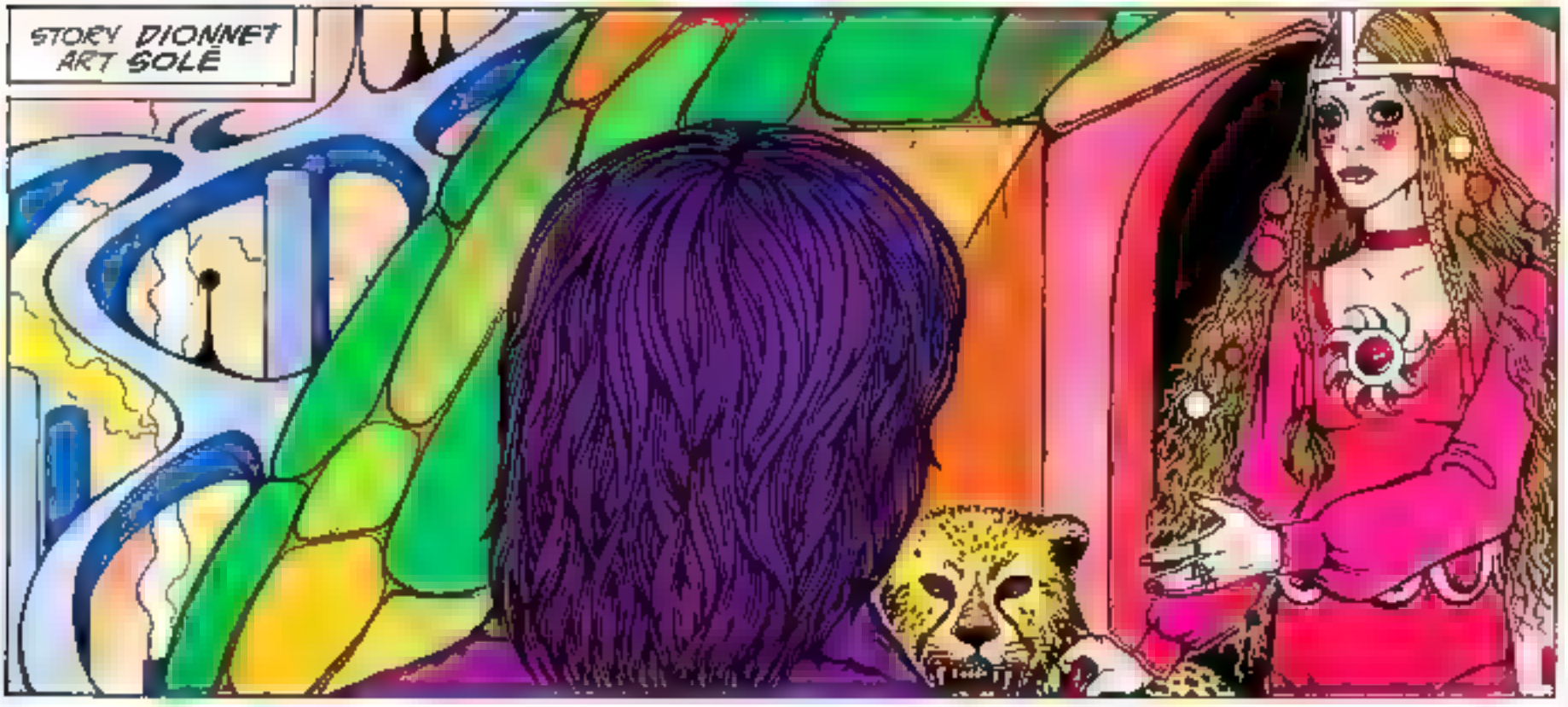
DO YOU LOVE ME? WHAT ARE YOU THINKING ABOUT, DEAR?

BUT MORRIS DOES NOT RESPOND TO MONA HIS EYES ARE FIXED ON THE HEAVENS ABOVE



"IN YOU I AM REBORN"

STORY DIONNET
ART SOLÉ



COME, ENTER!

WE BID YOU WELCOME, JEAN CYRIAQUE! COME FORWARD!

WE'RE BACK AT THE PLACE WE STARTED FROM. ARE WE GOING TO GO ON PLAYING THIS SCENE FOREVER?

NOT REALLY FOR THIS TIME YOU SEE, WE HAVE DECIDED TO GIVE YOU YOUR **CHANCE**!

WHAT CHANCE? TO KILL MYSELF? TO LET MYSELF GO MAD, OR -- EVEN BETTER -- TO BECOME A NEW PERSONALITY?

AH, BUT YOU'RE MISTAKEN. IT WAS IN YOUR **BEST INTEREST** THAT EVERYTHING WAS DONE, IN ORDER THAT YOUR LIFE MIGHT RESUME ITS NORMAL COURSE

WHETHER YOU DID IT FOR ME OR FOR YOURSELVES, YOU'VE **FAILED**. SO WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO NOW?

NOW WE OFFER YOU THE CHANCE TO BECOME **ONE OF US**. BUT BE CAREFUL... YOU MUST BE WORTHY OF IT. OTHERS HAVE TRIED AND

I ACCEPT!

WHATEVER THE **TRIALS**?

WHATEVER THEY MIGHT BE!

WE KNEW IT! THAT'S WHY, WHILE WE SPOKE, THIS LITTLE PLAY BECAME AN **UBIK**, THAT IS TO SAY, A MERE EMPTY ENVELOPE CAPABLE OF MATERIALIZING FANTASIES.

FOR IT IS **YOURSELF** THAT YOU STRUGGLE AGAINST! **WITHIN YOURSELF** ARE VICTORY AND DEFEAT

DO NOT FORGET THAT OR YOU WILL RETURN TO THE ASYLUM.

FOREVER!

HELLO

DO YOU KNOW YOU'RE VERY UGLY?

SIR YOU ARE ME! YOU ARE MY REFLECTION!

YOU HEAR THAT? THIS CARTOON CAN SPEAK!

SNEAKY

GROTESQUE

WHAT DOES IT THINK?

REVOLTING POSITIVELY REVOLTING

YOU'RE YOU'RE COMING OUT OF THE MIRRORS?

SNIF

STRANGE STRANGE

WHAT SHOULD WE DO WITH IT?

EAT IT ALL UP!

I ASSURE YOU, MY DEAR COUSIN

DID I SAY STRANGE? HOW STRANGE IS IT?

YES EAT IT!

HANG IT!

COUNT IT

POKE IT!

YES COUNT IT!

THAT'S IT, COUNT IT!

NO STOP! GET AWAY!

NO!

ALL RIGHT YOU READY TO TALK? YOU GOT IT STRAIGHT NOW?

LEAVE HIM ALONE!!! I'VE PAID HIS BOND!

COME ON BABY YOU'RE SPRUNG!

POLICE

POLICE

POLICE

SHAKE A LEG! THERE'S NOT A SECOND TO LOSE! CORLEONE SQUEALED!

CRRRI

LOOK OUT!

TRATRATRARA!!

HELP!

HELP! HELP!

HELP ME

GET AWAY! HE'S CHASING ME! HE'S COMING!

GET AWAY!

FOOL! YOU LET HER GET BY!

WE'RE DONE FOR! SHE'S GONE RIGHT INTO THE CORTEX!

LOOK!

HUH

HIHIHIH

YOU STRUGGLE WITHIN YOURSELF! WITHIN YOURSELF ARE VICTORY AND DEFEAT!

YOUR ONLY CHANCE...STAY! LOOK WITHIN YOURSELF FOR SOMETHING YOU CAN HANG ON TO LET IT HAPPEN! LET THE WAVES OF MEMORY WASH OVER YOU!...

MUMMY!

MUMMY!

MUMMY LOOK WHAT I FOUND IN THE ATTIC

WHAT IS IT?

I DON'T KNOW AN OLD TOY YOU HAD BEFORE NEVER MIND, I'M BUSY NOW GO PLAY!!!!

TAKE THIS **BOX** IT IS THE **KEY** FAREWELL TO YOU N WHOM I WILL BE REBORN

FAREWELL

I HAVE SOUGHT YOU FOR A LONG TIME SO THAT I MIGHT TRANSMIT MY **POWERS** TO YOU THEY WILL BE **DORMANT** UNTIL YOU AWAKE THEM

LOOK AT ME MY NAME IS **ANTARMON** I AM OLD I AM **GOING TO DIE**

ONE DAY YOU WILL NEED ME YOU WILL REMEMBER YOU WILL UNDERSTAND

ORPHANAGE

RECEPTION

LISTEN TO ME CHILD AND DO NOT BE IMPATIENT

WHY THAT MOMENT? PRECISELY THAT MOMENT... THE BLACK BOX... IT WAS BEFORE... IT WAS A LONG TIME AGO, SUCH A LONG TIME THAT YOU FORGOT, BUT THE MEMORY IS THERE.

SOMEWHERE... OPEN YOURSELF... SEARCH... FURTHER... FURTHER... STILL... THE DREAMING SCREEN IS TORN INSIDE... THE MEMORY IS THERE... IT IS RECORDED UP... IT COMES TO THE SURFACE

JEAN CYRIAQUE, YOU HAVE WON THE TRIAL HENCEFORTH YOU ARE **ONE OF US!!!!**

CRIES, MURMURS SONGS SMILES, LAUGHTER.

UPLIFTED ARMS HANDS REACHING OUT EXCITEMENT AND SYMPATHY

THEY BID YOU **WELCOME**, JEAN THEY **ACCEPT** YOU. YOU ARE **ONE OF THEM**

WHY, THEN, THIS FROZEN SMILE, AND WHY THE SADNESS IN YOUR EYES.

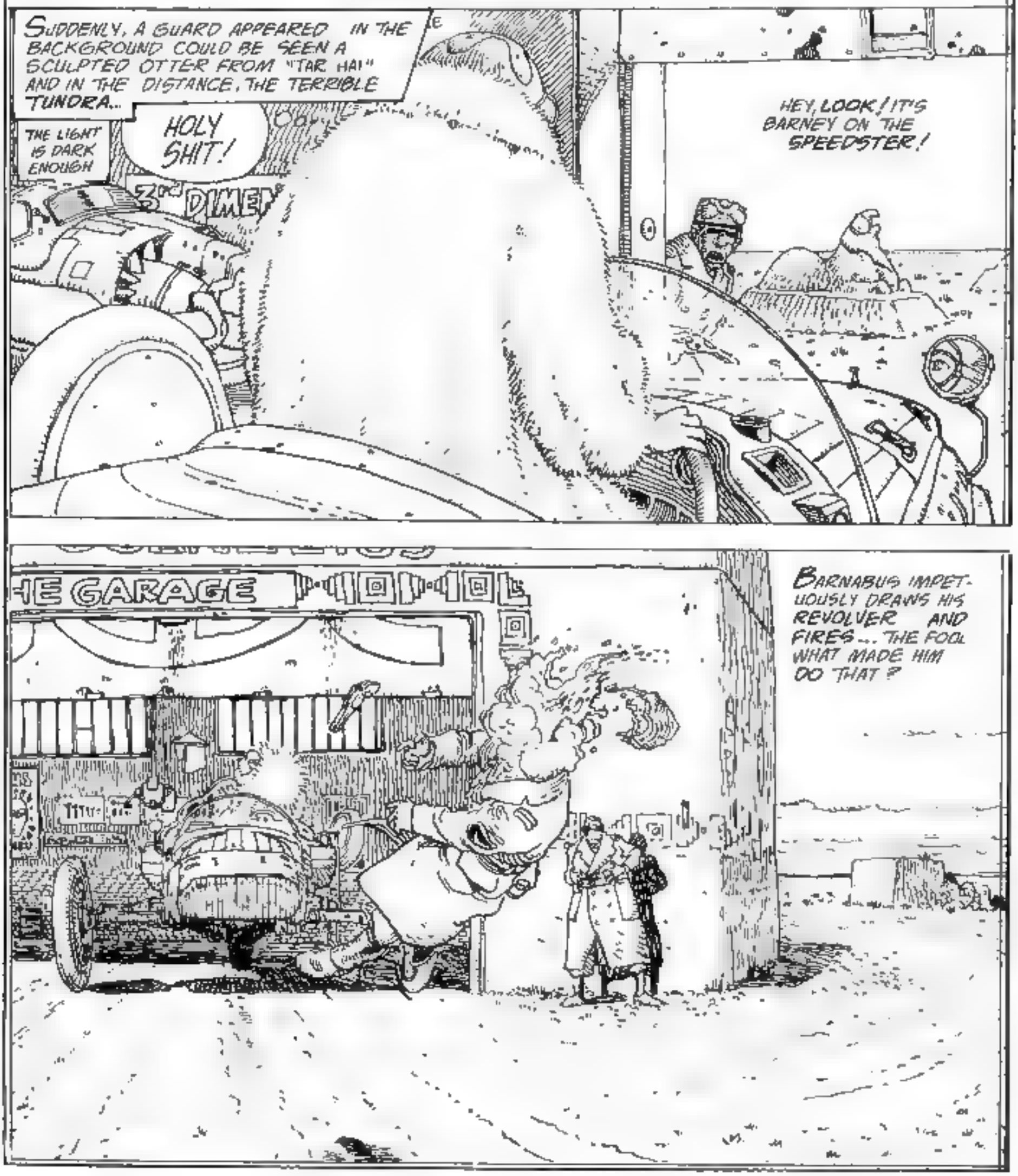
YOUR EYES ARE FIXED ON THE VAST BRONZE STATUE WHICH DOMINATES THE ROOM

YOU RECOGNIZE HIS FACE AND EVEN IF YOU STILL DOUBTED, THERE IS HIS NAME ON THE PEDESTAL!

ANTARMON

THE AIRTIGHT GARAGE of JERRY CORNELIUS

CHAPTER THREE: THE PLOT THICKENS


SUDDENLY, A GUARD APPEARED IN THE BACKGROUND COULD BE SEEN A SCULPTED OTTER FROM "TAR HAI" AND IN THE DISTANCE, THE TERRIBLE TUNDRA...
THE LIGHT IS DARK ENOUGH
HOLY SHIT!
3rd DIMED
HEY, LOOK! IT'S BARNEY ON THE SPEEDSTER!
E GARAGE
BARNABUS IMPETUOUSLY DRAWS HIS REVOLVER AND FIRES... THE FOOL WHAT MADE HIM DO THAT?

DAMNIT! THIS FUCKING ENGINE WON'T START.

THAT'S WEIRD..

ITS AIR-POWERED MOTOR IS SO DEPENDABLE THAT SOME CLAIM IT CAN RUN FOREVER. THAT'S WHY ENGINEER BARNABUS IS SO SURPRISED.

(IN MY OPINION, A CRIMINAL HAND HAS SABOTAGED A VITAL COMPONENT, SUCH AS THE TOGGLE OF THE ON-OFF SWITCH..)

RDOO RDOO

MEANWHILE, ON BOARD THE "CIGURI," MAJOR GRUBERT'S SPACESHIP

WELL?

I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT AT ALL!

OUR SECURITY BASE HAS BEEN DISCOVERED AND INVADED BY STRANGERS..

AT ALL LEVELS?

IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO TELL FROM HERE

THIS COULD JUST BE A BAKALITE TRICK. WE'D BETTER TRANSPORT A SPY DOWN THERE VIA THE PUSHMEPULL WAVES

WILL THE MAJOR'S SPY FALL INTO THE CUNNING TRAP LAID FOR HIM BY JERRY CORNELIUS? YOU'LL FIND OUT SOON, WHEN YOU READ

STAR BILLIARD...

OUR NEXT EPISODE

White Night

STORY BY ZHA ART BY NICOLE CLAVELOUX

I FEEL A DRAFT! IT'S THE DOOR!

HELLO

YES, YES, HELLO! WHATEVER YOU DO, DON'T DO ANYTHING!

ONE IS SO MUCH AFRAID THAT EVERY-TH NG WILL MOVE! IT'S THE SAME WAY EVERY DAY, DON'T YOU SEE?

YOU'VE NEVER BEEN IN THE GARDEN?

OH NO! TOO R SKY, TOO RISKY! SOME THING MIGHT HAPPEN, YOU NEVER KNOW

GOOD NIGHT!

SLEEP? OUT OF THE QUESTION! LOVE MIGHT DIE DURING SLEEP!

YES, SPEAK TO ME OF LOVE!

LIKE FIRE! NO DRAFTS, ETERNAL VIGILANCE NO DISTRACTIONS

LOOK AT ME!

I'M LOOKING AT YOU!

COME IN, WHOEVER YOU ARE!

TAKE IT EASY I MEAN LIKE SIT DOWN!

WONDERFUL! YOU MEAN, LIKE, YOU'RE NOT AN HALLUCINATION?

WHO

YOU TRIP A LOT ?

YOU KNOW LIKE THEY SAY MY BAGS ARE ALWAYS PACKED!

IT'S, LIKE A BEAUTIFUL STARRY NIGHT! WILL YOU STAY TO DINNER ?

NO I'M TOO BUSY GOOD NIGHT

AH, IT'S YOU, THEN ?

AM I DISTURBING YOU?

NOT AT ALL!

AH STILL THERE, ARE YOU?

IT'S ALL RIGHT WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

I WATCH OVER THE SILENCE

YES!

ALL OVER THE GLOBE?

WHY?

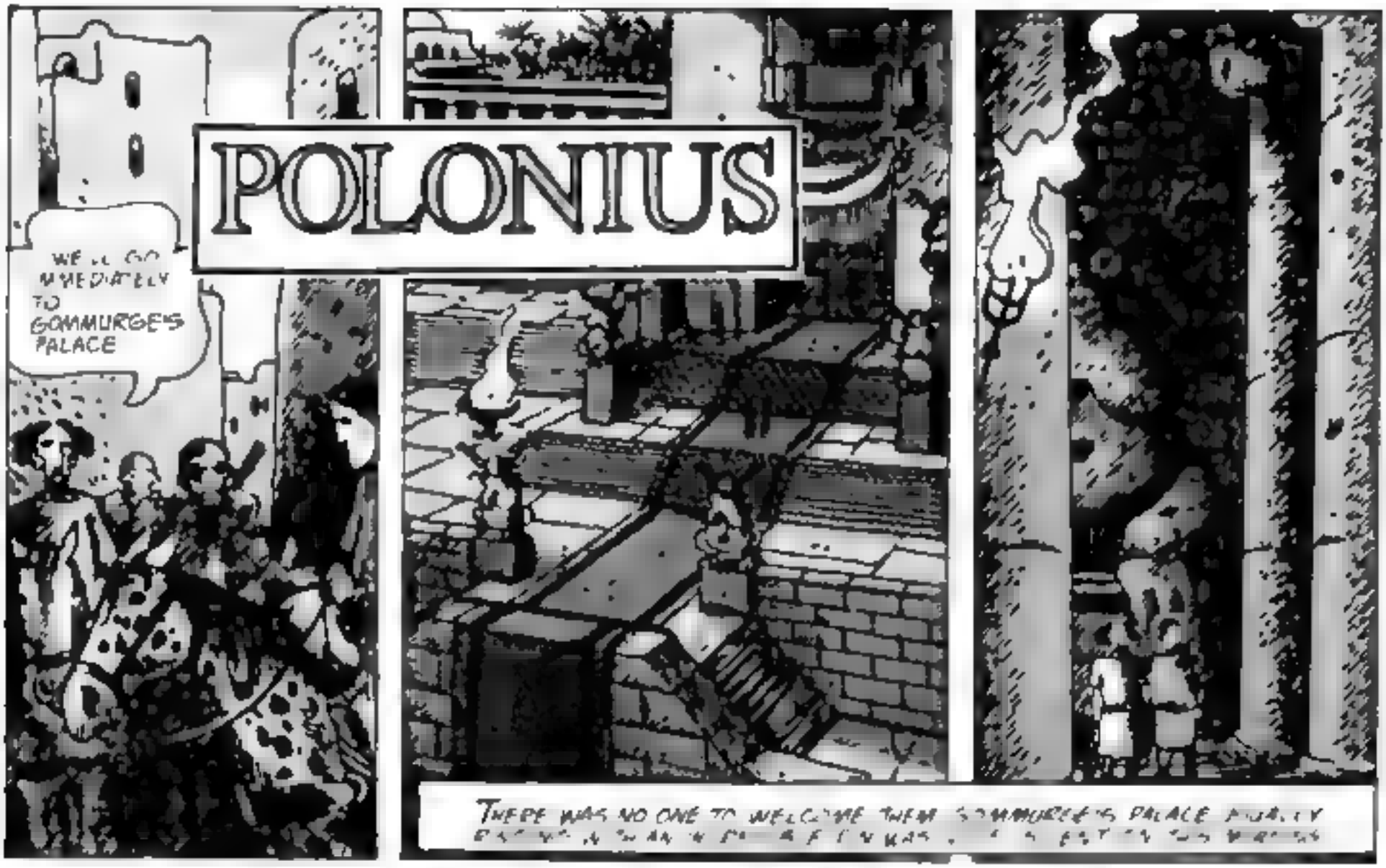
AH

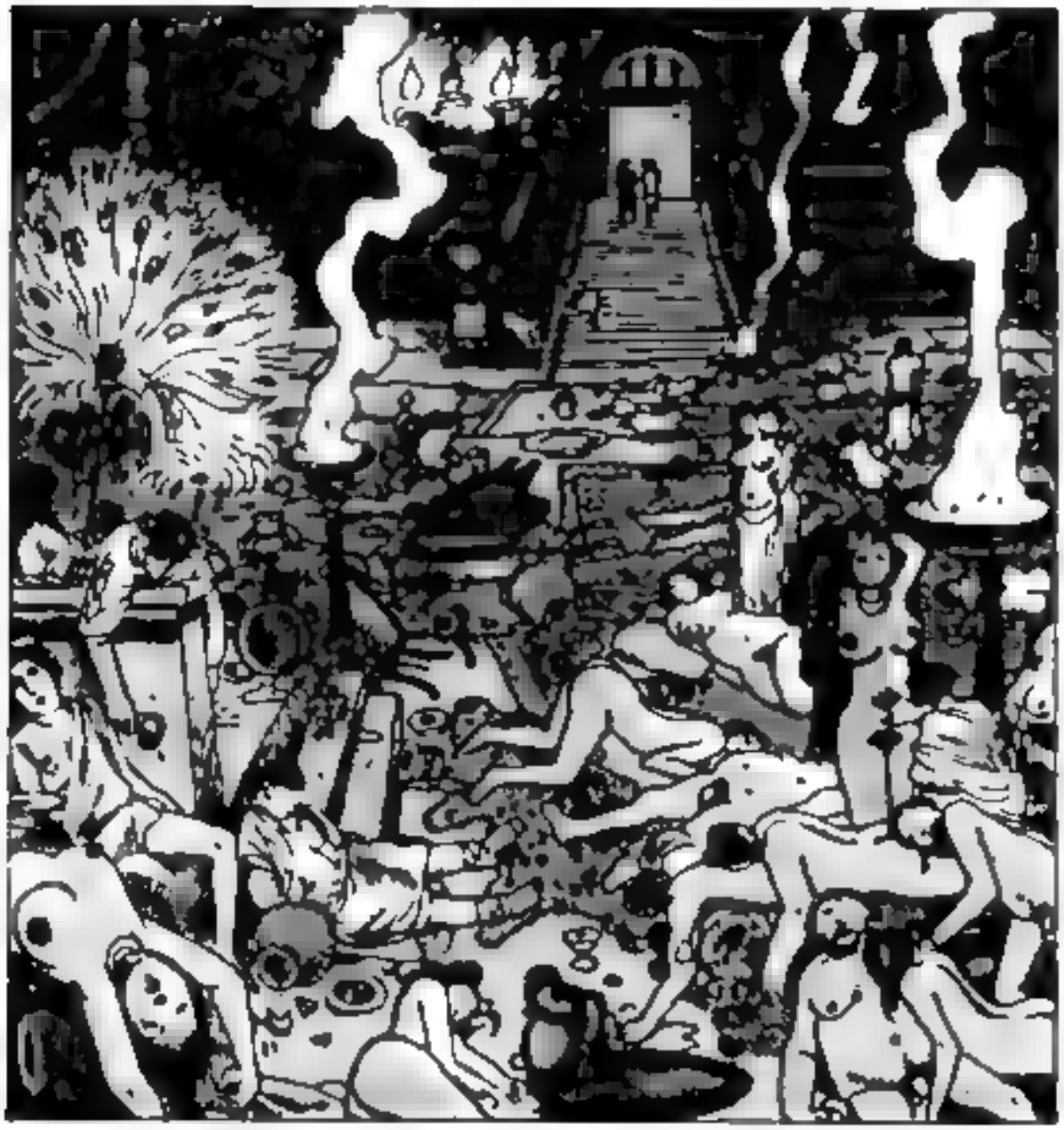
ONE CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL!

SSSSH! I'M MEDITATING!
HEY!
SHOULD I TAKE EVERYTHING OFF?

NO YOU'RE TOO LATE I'VE AGED FORTY YEARS IN ONE NIGHT!

POLONIUS


WE'LL GO IMMEDIATELY TO GOMMURGE'S PALACE
THERE WAS NO ONE TO WELCOME THEM



GOMMURGE!
WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME THIS TIME?

BUT WE'VE JUST RETURNED FROM THE DESERT

HE'S COMPLETELY DRUNK

BARRRFF

I THROWED UP ON MY L L DARL N' HEE! HEE! IT STINKS! HEE!

WHAT AN ORGY! OH MY POOR HEAD

LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

TEE-HEE TEE-HEE

PATIENCE, POLONIUS! OUR TIME WILL COME. PATIENCE

YOU KEEP TELLING ME THAT.. AND MEANWHILE, THE SHIT AND CORRUPTION SPREAD THROUGH THE WHOLE CITY

GET SOME REST, AND COME SEE ME TONIGHT WE'LL TALK ABOUT IT THEN

ALTHOUGH HE WAS COMPLETELY EXHAUSTED BY THE TRIP, POLONIUS WAS SO FED UP WITH GOMMURGE'S INDIFFERENCE THAT HE WAS DETERMINED TO IMMEDIATELY ABANDON THE LUXURY WHICH GENERAL EGYPIOS HAD LAVISHED UPON HIM, AND TO BREAK FOR GOOD WITH THE GROUP WHICH WAS LEADING THE CITY OF RU TO DISASTER

THE HOUSE S EMPTY

EZZULIA! WHAT IF THAT WOMAN IN THE DREAM I HAD IN THE MOUNTAINS WAS TELLING THE TRUTH

THAT NIGHT POLONIUS MADE HIS WAY INTO THE STREET OF SHAME

SHE'S HERE I'M SURE OF IT

HE BURST INTO ONE OF THE HOUSES AND RECOGNIZED THE PLACE AS IF HE HAD BEEN THERE BEFORE

GET OUT!

EZZULIA!

HEY!

HEY, YOU! GET LOST OR I'LL CAL A GUARD!

POLONIUS!

OOF!

HE S CRAZY! WHAT DID I DO TO HIM? I NEVER EVEN SAW H M BEFORE

OH, NO! NO! NO!

STOP THAT MAN!

POLONIUS, TAKE ME AWAY FROM HERE! FOR PITY'S SAKE, POLONIUS!

AFTER WANDERING FOR HOURS AND HOURS, POLONIUS FOUND HIMSELF OUTSIDE THE HOUSE OF CHIMOS HIS HEAD SPINNING, HE ENTERED IT IN A DAZE

WHAT HAPPENED HERE?

CHIMOS!

BUT WHY?

WHILE YOU WERE GONE EGYPTIANS MEN CAME THE VILLAGE STROVE[illegible] HIS COLLECTION

HE COULDN'T STAND IT!

LIVIA SUMMONED THE MOST EXPERT EMBALMERS LEFT THE BODY OF HER SON WHO HAD BEEN THE LAST OF THE MAN'S KIN BE DELIVERED TO THE TARALS

I MUST KNOW

BUT WHERE WILL [illegible] OF EGYPTIANS

NO. BUT THERE MUST BE SOME PLACE. I [illegible] THE STREET

THEN STAY HERE

LET'S GO. I HAVE NO WISH TO TAKE PART IN THIS

HE OFTEN SPOKE OF YOU TO ME. HE ADMIRED YOU IF I WERE A RICH WIDOW, I WOULD TAKE YOU ON AS A FAVORITE

WE ARE ALONE, EACH OF US ON HIS ISLAND, WITHOUT FRIENDS, WITHOUT FAMILY .. BUT WHY?

I AM OLD. I HAVE ALMOST NO MONEY LEFT. I MUST RENOUNCE SUCH AN IDEA

BUT WHY? AND YOUR MONEY MAKES NO DIFFERENCE

I SHALL PREPARE MYSELF FOR DEATH .. LIKE THE OTHERS IN RU

RENUNCIATION, DEATH ACCEPTING THE END. RESIGNATION WHILE THERE ARE A FEW WHO FEAST THE DAY LONG AND OPPRESS THE PEOPLE ..

YOU CANNOT UNDERSTAND. YOU COME FROM THE OUTLANDS

THE OUTLANDS. AH, IT'S TRUE I AM AN OUTLANDER, AND CAN NEVER UNDERSTAND. AND YOU KNOW IT ALL ALWAYS THE SAME LITANY OF MISERY GOOD NIGHT

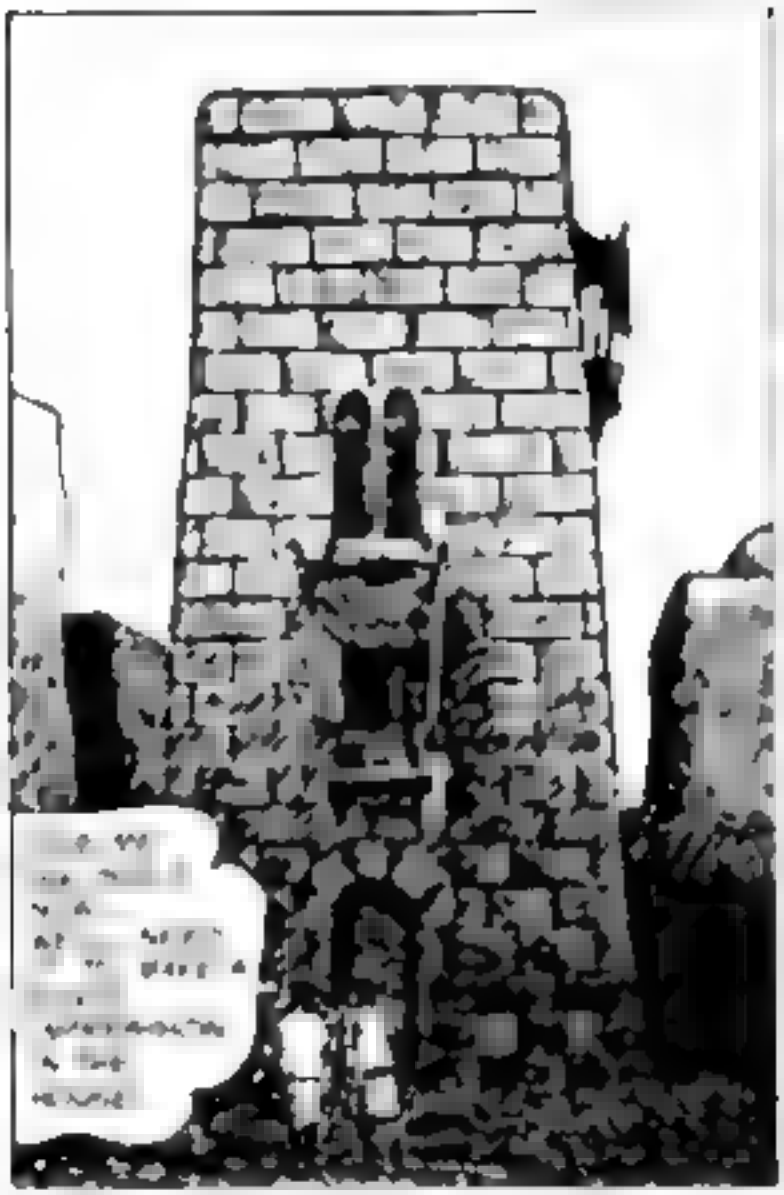
AT DAWN, IN SILENCE, HE LEFT THE HOUSE OF THE MAN WHO HAD BEEN HIS ONLY FRIEND.

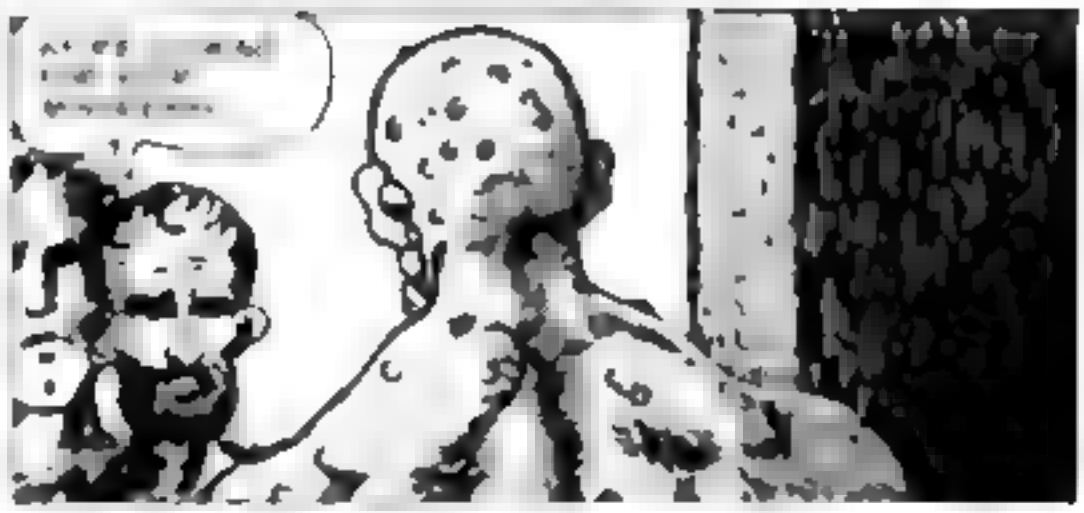
DECIDING TO PUT ~ A LAST FEW GOLD COINS

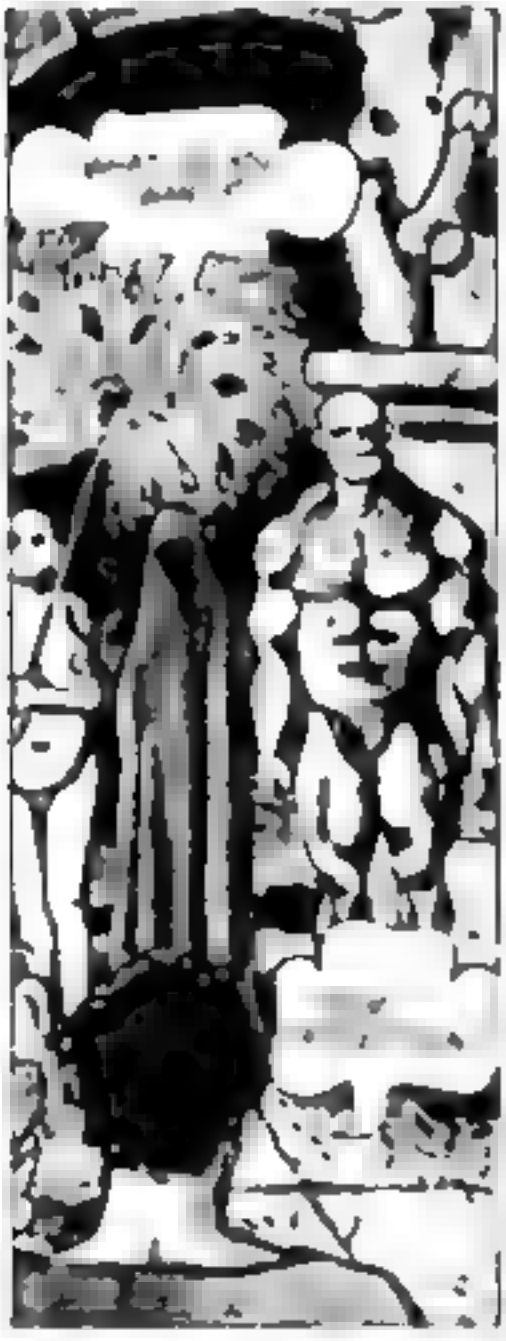
WHAT DO YOU WANT ?

OH, OW WE

GET BACK! LET US PASS!







YOU'RE ONE OF THOSE
AMBITIOUS YOUNG MEN
LOOKING FOR AN IMPORTANT

ALRIGHT,

MMMM! PERFECT!

TEE HEE! TEE HEE!

YOU KNOW THE RULES! I GRANT YOU MY PROTECTION, AND YOU MUST OBEY ME COMPLETELY. COM-PLETE-LY! DO YOU AGREE?

I ACCEPT.

YOU'RE JUST IN TIME. TONIGHT THERE'S A FEST AT THE WIDOW'S PALACE. YOU'LL BE A SENSATION!

THAT NIGHT, AT THE WIDOW'S PALACE...

SILENCE!

QUICK! PUT YOUR ARMS THERE AND ARCH YOUR BACK...

POLONIUS!

HA! BRAVO! BRAVO!

OOOH! JYNIA! WHERE DID YOU FIND THIS ONE?

CONGRATULATIONS!

OH! HMMM! Sweet! TEE HEE! Pretty!

HE'S CUTE!

MAGNIFICENT!

BRAVO!

HA! HA!

OH! HA! HA!

THEN COMES THE LONG-AWAITED MOMENT...

BRING ME MY SWEETIE!

GET GOING! JYNIA WANTS YOU!

HERE, DRINK THIS WINE...

GET YOUR ASS OVER HERE! I'M JUST PINING AWAY FOR IT!

AAAAH!

MY HERO! AH, YOU'RE MY HERO, WITH YOUR GREEK PROFILE, YOUR SQUARE JAW, AND... AND YOUR BIG PRICK!

LITTLE BASTARD!

AARG!

LITTLE SHIT FUCKER!

LATER THAT NIGHT...

THE WINE WAS DRUGGED.

EVERYTHING HAPPENED SO FAST. THE DESERT... THE PRISON... EZZULIA. THE GOOD LIFE...

THE DREAM IS OVER. AND I'M SAD... THE ORACLE IN THE MOUNTAINS WAS RIGHT.

?

HEY! I KNOW YOU!

YOU'RE POLONIUS!

WHO'S THAT?

I WAS WITH YOU IN THE DESERT. THE EXPEDITION, REMEMBER? WHEN ARE WE GOING BACK? THERE ARE STILL CASES OF THOSE THINGS...

THAT'S ALL OVER / EXPEDITIONS AND ALL THE REST... I'M THROUGH WITH ALL THAT NOW /

WHAT HAS BECOME OF YOU, THEN?

I'M A GOOD CITIZEN OF RU, LIKE THE OTHERS. THAT'S WHAT I'VE BECOME...

TO BE CONTINUED...